THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 9, for September, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. FEMININE RESOLUTION.
2. London fashionable FULL DRESS.
3. New and elegant PATTERN for a HABIT-SHIRT, FRONT of a DRESS, &c.

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Printed for G. ROBINSON, *No.* 25, *Paternoster Row;*
where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

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floods; when the well completely fills. Lately the eel before mentioned appeared on the surface, and was caught in a pail; when it was as thick as a person's arm, and coiled round the pail from bottom to top. It was replaced in its former element, where it has existed for 31 years upon the animalcula contained in the water, which latter, however, is allowed to be as pure as any water that can be desired.

Great Increase of Wheat.—In October last, three pints of wheat were dibbled into a small spot of ground, whereon formerly stood a blacksmith's forge, in the parish of Beckley in Sussex, occupied by T. Bowler, which this year produced six bushels and three gallons. It is common to sow 192 pints, or three bushels, on an acre, which, according to the above ratio, would give 403 bushels, or fifty-one quarters of wheat per acre.

Anecdote of George II.—Lord Kinsale (Premier Baron of Ireland) possessed the privilege of remaining covered in the presence of the sovereign. The point of etiquette, however, is, to put on the hat, and immediately to take it off. When the young Lord Kinsale was presented at court, upon succeeding to the title, either from pride or ignorance, he continued to keep on his hat, and walked with it in that way round the room for some time. The courtiers stared, and the circle was thrown into some confusion. The king (George II.) perceiving it, went up to Lord Kinsale, and, with great good humour, observed to him, that he certainly had a right to wear his hat in *his* presence, but that he had forgot there were ladies in the room. Lord Kinsale immediately uncovered.

Economy in Bread.—The Rev. Francis Haggitt, Prebendary of Durham, has lately stated, in a letter to the Bishop of Durham, the result of a successful experiment for saving the consumption of flour in making bread. Mr. Haggitt gives the following account of the process:—"I took 5lb. of bran, boiled it, and, with the liquor strained from it, kneaded 56lb. of flour, adding the usual quantity of salt and yeast. When the dough was sufficiently risen, it was weighed, and divided into loaves; the weight, before being put into the oven, being 93lb. 13 oz. or about 8lb. 10 oz. more than the same quantity of flour kneaded in the common way. It was then baked two hours; and, some time after being drawn, the bread was weighed, and gave 83lb. 8 oz.—loss in baking, 10lb. 5 oz. The same quantity of flour, kneaded with common water, loses about 15lb. 11 oz. in the baking, and produces only 69lb. 8 oz. of bread; gain by my method 14lb; that is, a clear increase of one fifth of the usual quantity of bread from a given quantity of flour." He also states, that the bran, after being used in this way, is equally fit for many domestic purposes.

Fall of Aëroliths, or Air-Stones.—In the neighbourhood of Toulouse, on the 10th of last April, in a very dark night, the atmosphere was on a sudden illuminated by a whitish light, sufficient to see to read by, which lasted about 15 seconds, and disappeared gradually. Two minutes and a half afterwards, a considerable detonation was heard, resembling the explosion of a mine, and followed by a commotion so strong, that several persons thought it was an earthquake. Soon after was heard a whistling of bodies passing through the air, like stones thrown from a sling; and several aërolithe fell at different places in the vicinity. The specimens, brought to Toulouse, weighed from six to eight ounces. They have all of them a part of their surface of a blackish color, and, as it were, carbonaceous; in the interior they are grey. The number of these stones seems to have been very considerable: but the darkness of the night, and the alarm of the spectators, probably prevented many of them from being found.

Slave-Trade.—The African Society, in their sixth Annual Report, state, that, in the year 1810, between 70 and 80,000 negroes were transported, as slaves, from the coast of Afric to America; and that, though the Portuguese take a great share in this nefarious traffic, yet the greater proportion is British or American trade, conducted under the flags of Spain and Portugal.—To the credit of the society be it mentioned, that they have recently, in the public papers, offered a considerable reward for the apprehension of that George Woodbine, alias *Jorge Madresilva* (noticed in our last volume, page 616) against whom a bill has lately been found for wilful and corrupt perjury, on a trial relating to a ship which he commanded in the slave-trade.

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE

For SEPTEMBER, 1812.

Feminine Resolution; *an Irish Anecdote.* *Communicated by* Maria, *and accompanied with an illustrative Plate.*

In an age when luxury and refinement (as it is termed) appear to have erected a standard, which, with magnetic power, seems to attract individuals of every class, there is something peculiarly gratifying in beholding Youth, Innocence, and Beauty, forming a line of conduct for herself, unbiassed by the force of fashion, and uninfluenced by example.

If, from the force of custom, and the influence of education, females are prevented from embracing a wide field of usefulness—yet, circumscribed as are their powers, they may enjoy the secret satisfaction of becoming no less beneficial in the sphere allotted to them, than that more towering being, man. Nature, taste, and disposition, seem to have assigned different pursuits to the different sexes; and the weaker one, who fulfills all moral and domestic duties, is as much an object to be admired, as an upright minister of state.

It has been said, though without any real foundation of truth for the assertion, that females possess not the power of being essentially useful; and that, if they did, they would, from a natural inertness of character, not be inclined to exert it for the benefit of their fellow creatures.—To refute this charge, and to prove that exertion of character is not peculiarly attached to the male sex, I here present to the fair reader the description of a female, whose fortitude under danger could only be equaled by her active benevolence. Nor is this a tale of fiction, except so far as concerns the names of the parties, which (for a particular reason) are feigned:—otherwise, the circumstances actually occurred, as they are here related, with very little variation, upon the authority of a lady who was near the scene at the time, and had an opportunity of ascertaining facts.

Nurtured in the lap of prosperity, and fostered by the undeviating cares of her surviving parent, the amiable subject of this description passed the years of childhood in unruffled peace.—Though Mr. Ossory, her father, was by no means a convert to Mrs. Wollstonecraft's system of education, yet some of her opinions perfectly coincided with his own; and he severely condemned those females who seem to imagine that helplessness must render them interesting.—From the earliest period of childhood, Lætitia Ossory had been taught to become useful to herself; and no domestic was permitted to perform those offices which did not require assistance.—Thus, from being able to supply her own necessities, her ductile mind naturally became desirous of performing them for her friends:—in short, her chief happiness seemed to arise from becoming useful to every being who required consolation or help.—Actual poverty was unknown to any individual, who resided either on or in the vicinity of Mr. Ossory's estate; and the

whole neighbourhood of Arklow resounded with this benevolent man's praise.

Though the spirit of opposition had long been fermenting, and the flame of rebellion threatened to break forth, yet Mr. Ossory, conscious of the rectitude of his actions, dreaded not the approaching storm; and, when the object of his affection expressed her apprehensions upon the subject, he entreated her never to increase misfortune by anticipation. At length, however, the dreaded crisis arrived: the spirit of the exasperated multitude broke forth with the violence of a volcano; and the memorable battle of Arklow took place within a short distance of Mr. Ossory's house *.

Every man of property readily became a soldier:—Mr. Ossory opposed the insurgents: his horse was killed under him: for a length of time, insensibility was the effect of the fall; and in that condition he was conveyed to his mansion by a faithful domestic, and a peasant who resided upon his estate.—To describe the anguish of Lætitia's feelings when she beheld her beloved father brought home apparently lifeless between two men, is totally impossible.—The moment, however, that she was informed by her faithful domestic that the parent whom she had thought dead, was merely stunned by a fall, her ecstatic joy knew no bounds.—That activity of mind, which had so often exerted itself for those less dear to her, was then called into full display: for, in that hour of alarm and confusion, no medical assistance could be obtained.—Bleeding, therefore, was impracticable: but, as Mr. Ossory had studied medicine, and had always acted as physician to the peasantry, he fortunately had a supply of leeches, and a chest stored with medicines of every kind.—To the touch of a leech the amiable girl had a very strong antipathy:—but what aversion will not filial affection like hers surmount? She flew to the globe which contained them, and applied four to her father's temples.

With fond solicitude, she bent over the couch on which he was extended; while the housekeeper, by her command, applied heated bricks to the soles of his feet. Her pious exertions were soon crowned with the success she prayed for; and, the moment the first leech dropped off, Mr. Ossory opened his eyes.

"My father! my beloved father!" exclaimed this pattern of filial affection—"speak, if possible—oh! speak to your child!"—"My beloved girl! my adored Lætitia! it is to your exertions that I owe the preservation of my life!"—"Transporting thought!" exclaimed the delighted Lætitia, throwing her arms round Mr. Ossory's neck—"This is bliss ecstatic! this is a refinement of happiness!"—In less than half an hour, the suspended faculties of Mr. Ossory appeared perfectly restored to their accustomed strength; but, as he complained of great soreness all over his body, in compliance with his daughter's entreaties, he consented to go to bed.

Anxious to know, yet dreading to hear, the result of the battle, Lætitia and the rest of the family found their feelings wound up to an agony of suspense. This distressing sensation however was in a short time terminated, by their perceiving a body of pike-men enter the park.—To conceal this distressing circumstance from Mr. Ossory was impossible; for the terrified countenance of his daughter too plainly

* In the rebellion of 1797.

exposed the truth.—"They are coming!" he exclaimed—"and this nerveless arm cannot oppose them! My child! my child! let us jointly implore the interposition of an all-powerful God!"

The agonised Lætitia threw herself upon her knees, and, with the true spirit of devotion, implored the great Parent of the universe to protect her father; yet short was the time allowed for her petitions; for she heard a terrific voice call loudly upon the name nearest and dearest to her heart!—Springing from her prostrate position, she ran, or rather seemed to fly, out of the room, unrestrained, for the first time, by the voice of that being, whose word had been her law.—As she descended to the hall, she was opposed by the party who had so loudly demanded to see her father; two of the foremost of whom crossed their pikes before her, evidently to prevent the pass.

Her azure eyes swam in tears: the comb, which had secured her hair, had fallen: her light chestnut tresses descended to her waist; and, with a look in which terror and dignity were blended, she informed them, that her father was too ill to be seen.

"Young lady! we require refreshment;" said one of the party, whose more dignified appearance pointed him out as their chief—"You have nothing to apprehend from my brave comrades: loveliness like yours may always claim respect."

"Yes, by Jasus, honey!" exclaimed another of the party: "and the very sound of your sweet voice is like music to my ear.—But nevertheless, my jewel, we are tired and hungry, and must have some of your good things to comfort us."

Unostentatious hospitality dwelt under Mr. Ossory's roof:—the servants were immediately ordered to spread the board.—Whiskey and wine crowned the entertainment, which these unwelcome visitors swallowed in large potions; and, having assured the inwardly agitated Lætitia, that none of their party would molest her, in less than half an hour they quitted the house.—Previous to their so doing, Lætitia had contrived to slip up a back staircase to her father, under pretence of directing the butler where to find the best liquors, and, throwing herself upon his parental bosom, assured him they had nothing to fear.

That fortitude, which had sustained her under circumstances the most trying, sunk the moment she was certain her terrifying visitors were gone; and one fainting-fit succeeded another for the space of several hours.—An alarming fever was the consequence of these combined agitations—a fever, which threatened the termination of her valuable existence, and from which she did not entirely recover for several months.

Such was the conduct of this admirable young woman, who, endowed by nature with the most exquisite feeling, exerted, in a moment of danger and distress, a degree of resolution, that would have done honor to the most heroic of the other sex.

Self-Respect;—*an Essay.*

"The reverence of a man's self is, next religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices."

Bacon.

Self-respect, the first earthly principle of virtue, (since religion is of heaven) appears to me to be generally overlooked in the scale of morality; and teachers, who assiduously instruct their pupils in the

respect due to others, will be found totally to have neglected impressing upon their minds that reverence for themselves, which, once established, would best secure their performance of every moral obligation.

Trace to its source that spirit of truth which forbids the utterance of "the thing which is not"—that honesty which respects the property of another, where detection in the self-appropriation of it seems impossible—that magnanimity which prefers death to dishonor, honorable poverty to ill-obtained riches, virtuous obscurity to vicious exaltation—we shall find them rest upon the broad basis of self-respect—that innate principle of rectitude, which God himself has implanted in our hearts. But, if education does not nourish it—if habit does not make it a fixed principle—its influence declines before the temptations we encounter in our progress through this world, till its very existence is lost; and we substitute, in the place of it, an anxious desire to stand well in the opinion of the people by whom we are surrounded. How frail a foundation that is for virtue, let every day's experience tell us! Fashion can throw a veil over Vice, which hides her deformity: a few bold spirits will always be found to lead the way; and the weak many, who have no reverence for themselves to put a bridle upon their vices—the slaves of false pride and false shame—are ever ready to follow in their steps.

Self-respect has sometimes been confounded with conscience; but they are essentially different in their nature, and in their operations. Conscience owes its existence to guilt, and can only be called into action by the commission of crime. Self-respect has a purer origin; and its sacred office is to guard against the approaches of error, and to preserve the bosom it inhabits from the debasing influence of vice. It was conscience that banished Timoleon, the great and the good, from Corinth, his dear native country, when, in his zeal for her service, he had caused the death of his brother Timophanes, who had lawlessly seised the reins of government, and assumed despotic power. Notwithstanding the applause and approbation of his fellow citizens, and many of the philosophers of the time, who looked upon that sacrifice as a most noble effort of human virtue, yet his conscience, goaded by the incessant reproaches of his mother—who never afterward met him, without reproaching him as a wicked fratricide—drove him from society into solitude, where he long continued a prey to the most agonising reflexions. But it was self-respect that preserved the virtue of Aliverdi, prime-minister and generalissimo of the armies to Shah Abbas the great. When informed of the destruction of much of his valuable property by an Armenian, who, but for the valour of his servants, would have carried off his wife and children into slavery, his first impulse was to assign to the offender (who was now in his power) a punishment proportionate to his offence. But reflexion, in the bosom of a virtuous man, soon stifles revenge; and Aliverdi, whose whole life had been laudable, respected himself: and, growing cool again, he exclaimed, "O God! what have I done? Is it thus I maintain the glory of so many years? Shall a single moment eclipse all my virtue? That stranger has cruelly provoked me: but what impelled him to it? No man commits evil merely for the pleasure of doing it: there is always a motive, which passion or prejudice presents

to us under the mask of equity; and it must needs be some motive of this kind that blinded the Armenian to the dreadful consequences of his attempt. Doubtless, I must have injured the wretch!"—He examined into the affair, found that one of his inferior officers had considerably injured the Armenian, and that he himself had slighted his complaints. He ordered the criminal into his presence; reproved him in suitable terms for the vindictive spirit he had shown in attempting to execute his vengeance on the innocent; and dismissed him to reflect upon his crime in solitude—telling him at the same time, that the punishment which justice required, would be sufficiently tempered by clemency, and that his repentance might shorten the term.

Such was the glorious triumph of self-respect over the suggestions of revenge! Happy is he, who, like Aliverdi, when tempted by passion to the commission of an unworthy deed, can, with the honest pride of conscious worth, look back upon the whole tenor of a well-spent life; and, in the satisfaction he derives from the contemplation of the past, resolve, that neither the present nor the future shall ever disgrace it!

August 10. MARINA.

MODERN LIFE *delineated;* *or the History of* GERTRUDE *and* EMMA LLOYD *.

"WHEREFORE this uneasiness, my children?" said Mr. Lloyd to his two daughters. "You are as much dejected by your cousin's departure, as if you were convinced it was a final separation from him. Upon this occasion, I will make every allowance for the acuteness of your feelings; for it is the first sorrow which has marked your path; and God grant you may never experience one more severe! But come, my loves! put on your bonnets; and we will take a walk. It is a lovely evening; and the refreshing breeze of heaven, I am convinced, will calm your agitated spirits."

The young folk were soon equipped, and found, as their father had predicted, that the lightness of the atmosphere, and the cheerful scenery around them, suspended their grief, and gave a glow of animation to their feelings. For it was one of those evenings in June, when

"The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from God
Their pleasing odors come."

When they arrived at the foot of one of the lofty mountains which shelter the vale of Cluyd, they paused to watch a group of children attempting the martial airs of a volunteer corps in the neighbourhood.

"Do you think, Sir, my cousin has reached Chester?" said Emma, the younger of Mr. Lloyd's daughters, at the moment he was stooping to caress one of the little heroes.

"I think, Emma, he is some miles beyond Chester: but your question, my love, convinces me you are thinking more of your cousin Edward, than you are of the beautiful scenery around us, or the innocent amusements of these little would-be soldiers."

"I certainly was thinking of him; for, the last time we were here, he was of our party: and I well remember he particularly noticed that neat white-washed house, surrounded with the pride of our country, and emphatically wished that he was possessed of seven hundred a year, and that habitation;—for here, he assured me, all his wishes were centred."

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* The fair Author of this novel is requested to favor us with her address.

"It was the wish of a youthful heart, and, I trust, a virtuous one: but he will now enter a school, to try the utmost strength of his principles; and it is a maxim drawn from experience, that a military life is hostile to the noblest affections of the heart. The irregularities which there prevail, cannot be vindicated even by the most enthusiastic admirers of that popular and useful profession.—There are thousands now existing, who have resigned the most endearing ties in nature, for the vain-glorious ambition of being distinguished as military men: and I fear there are but too many, whose improper conduct is a disgrace to the title of soldier, and whose fame consits in alarming the weak, or in escorting the fair females of this nation to every fashionable place of public resort."

"Why then, my dear father, did you permit my cousin to enter into the army?"

"For obvious reasons.—I solemnly promised his ever to be regretted father, that, if his inclination leaned toward the army, I would assent to it: and, as he seemed inspired with the same spirit of asserting his country's cause, as my poor brother was, I could not, without violating a sacred promise, object to it. But I hope his career will not terminate in the field of battle; or I shall think there is an awful fatality attending the profession, to all my family."

"You make me shudder at the bare idea of it," exclaimed Emma.

"And does Gertrude shudder?" said Mr. Lloyd with infinite emotion.

"No, Sir. It would ill become me to doubt the protecting arm of that divine Being who presides over the field of battle. If it be my cousin's fate to shed his blood in defence of all the dearest privileges of human nature, he may as well resign his life nobly, as live abjectly or indolently in the country. Some men live threescore years and ten, without exciting in the breasts of their relatives or associates either respect or love:—they then die, and are immediately forgotten.—Others live a very few years; and every hour of their existence illustrates some virtue worthy of being recorded:—and, when they drop into their narrow asylum, the remembrance of their goodness survives in the breasts of their friends; and the tears of the poor are a more acceptable oblation to the Father of mercies, than a thousand sacrifices."

"Surely I am not awake," cried Emma—"How strangely you express your sentiments of my cousin's absence!"

"Forgive this assumed indifference: and believe me, I as deeply regret Edward's departure, as you do," said Gertrude.

"Mr. Lloyd looked anxiously at them, and, for a few moments, appeared lost in thought. He then exclaimed, "I fear, my children, the privation of one blessing will destroy the enjoyment of those which you have the power to obtain."

"Not so, my dear father," cried Gertrude: "our regard for my cousin Edward never will make us blind to the blessings we derive from so excellent a parent We should be unworthy of your affection, and of your unlimited indulgence to all our wishes, if we resigned ourselves to fruitless sorrow, for an event which we have so long expected: but I hope Edward will return to his country again, worthy of the high place he now occupies in our bosoms. I fear only the impetuosity of his temper:—his heart, I am convinced,

is good, if he has but prudence to confine his passions within the bounds of reason."

"Do not injure him by any unjust suspicions," said Emma.—"If ever he is tempted to err, the idea of what his friends will suffer, will check every impulse of passion from endangering his principles and our happiness."

"It is well to encourage hope," said Mr. Lloyd, smiling: "for it tranquillises the mind, and is in fact united to virtue: but I wish our young friend had selected a profession more congenial to my feelings.—The enterprising spirit of youth fancies the gay scenes of a military life a never-failing source of delight: but harassed spirits, and the immorality of fashionable associates, convince them, when it is too late to recede, that the only enjoyments worthy of incessant cultivation, are those which arise from the plenitude of domestic happiness.—The restlessness of Edward's spirit has not escaped my notice. When you, my children, have extolled the charms of your native country, his countenance has expressed indifference or contempt for beauties so insignificant; though, to a calm reflecting mind, there are not any scenes better calculated for heart-soothing enjoyments, or more likely to excite noble affections in the human heart, than the one we now contemplate. And, if we are anxious to extend a social intercourse, our respectability in the neighbourhood is a passport to every one who merits our esteem. But Edward must now pursue his own plans; and I hope, my dear girls, he will be considered by you in no other light than as your cousin. Only let your good sense take the lead of your passions; and you will be convinced that an unbounded indulgence of sorrow for his departure is unreasonable and unbecoming."

"But I have heard you say, my dear father, that the predominant passion in a virtuous heart is an unbounded affection for those we are allied to."

"And I do not contradict the assertion, my love: but, when I made that observation, I had cause to reprehend the unjustifiable conduct of a brother to his only sister. During an absence of ten years, adversity had softened and humbled her spirit; and the smiles of prosperity had hardened his heart. He received her in his splendid mansion, with that freezing and cautious indifference, which convinced me that his heart was either weak or vicious. for a few thousands lost through misfortune, or gained by industry and good luck, are but a pitiful plea for a breach of tenderness to the being who was fostered by the same kind parent as ourselves, and who, in our infant years, was our dearest companion and friend. But local attachments, I am sorry to observe, lose the amiable influence they once had over the hearts of mankind; and I fear this change is a forerunner of greater evils. Can we expect an adherence to the laws of our country, if those sacred ones, implanted by the great Creator in our very nature, are so shamefully disregarded?—If your sentiments for your cousin are confined to sisterly affection, I shall not have any cause to lament that he has been educated under my roof; for I admire the virtuous affections of relatives too highly, to impede their progress in my own family. But passion and genuine affection operate very differently upon the human mind: the one arises from indiscretion; and the other has reason and the happiness of friends for its guide."

As Mr. Lloyd finished the sentence, he fixed his eyes upon Emma's blushing countenance, and appeared to read there a confirmation of all his suspicions.

When the young folk retired to their own room, Gertrude said to her sister, "Will you forgive me, Emma, if I ask you what gave rise to my father's suspicions? You seemed afraid of raising your eyes toward his face, as if you were conscious the insinuation was just."

"My father's suspicions were correct; for, this day, every source of joy is flown with my cousin Edward."

"You astonish me more than words can express; and I confess," continued Gertrude, "I am hurt that you have been so secret with me. Was I not worthy of being made acquainted with Edward's partiality for you? or do you think, my dear Emma, I should not have rejoiced in your joys?"

"I had not any thing to acquaint you with; for Edward has not intimated any attachment to me, except what I have discovered in his noble expressive eyes."

"Do not then, Emma, trust to a passion so ambiguous; for the eyes frequently express sentiments which the heart does not sanction; but wait patiently the result of his absence from my father's house. If he is sincerely attached to you, his letters will soon convince you of it: and, if they prove only brotherly attention, I hope your good sense will point out the danger of indulging these sentiments: for it is possible, my dear Emma, to refine upon the passion of love, until every real joy in life deserts our hearts for ever."

"I fear, Gertrude, your kind advice is unavailing: for I am too well assured, that, whether he love me or hate me, my regard for him never will decrease: it is linked with my very existence."

"At present, I will not attempt to reason with you upon the subject: but let me conjure you to restrain these violent emotions in the presence of our dear father. When you are with me, you may confide your imaginary griefs to my bosom. I would not have my father's feelings wounded for the universe. Remember, Emma, his unparalleled affection for us. The slightest complaints we have endured, have awakened the tenderest emotions of his heart; and in our joys how kindly has he participated! He has always been the first to promote every innocent amusement for our gratification, and has become a child himself, to make our pleasures greater. In the more serious and important moments of life, he has consulted us, and treated us as creatures endowed with equal strength of mind, and equal abilities with himself. Has he not been a parent, friend, and every relative united in one? And is it not to his exertions that we are indebted for our mental light, and to his unbounded tenderness for the comforts of a good home? How few men, at one and thirty, would have resigned the idea of a second marriage, to fill the office of tutor to two helpless girls? For the imbecillity of childhood often is a powerful plea for seeking a wife and mother to take the tiresome task from a father's hands; and, through the injudicious choice of step-mothers, too many daughters are rendered miserable through life. Their education is first neglected; and the imperious conduct of their father's wife induces them to desert their home, and accept the hand of any wild young fellow, who will take them without a portion.—But

these are evils unknown to us.—Let us ask our hearts, what is due to the excellent parent who has rescued us from every earthly misery, and placed us in the midst of comforts, arising from competency and domestic bliss? Our hearts will not give the painful reply, "ingratitude;" but they will urge us to a constant obedience, and love for that parent who has done so much for us."

"You have completely vanquished me," said Emma, at the same time throwing her arms around her sister's neck. "In future, my own selfish sorrows shall be hushed as the silent hour of midnight."

Emma's feelings might be compared to one of those transient clouds in summer, which, at a distance, appears dark and awful, but, when it has discharged its contents, immediately evaporates; and leaves only a bright etherial sky to charm our senses. Her grief for her beloved cousin was as soon dissipated; and, in a delightful vision, she beheld him crowned with the wreath of victory, and at her feet offering the well-earned reward of his toils. This gave to her unsteady mind a gleam of rapturous hope: for, with those who have not reason for their guide, hope and fear alternately prevail in their bosoms. They are strangers to the tranquil emotions which result from judicious reflexions upon the instability of earthly joys, and the consolations which are derived, even from apparent misery; for there is no bliss so great, but there is a counterpoise; neither is there any source of distress appointed by the Creator, but there are some inlets for hope to steal upon the mind, and sooth the hour of sorrow. It is only when our own errors form a phalanx of evils, that we are entirely bereft of this heaven-directed boon.

(To be continued.)

Solitary MUSINGS
in a COUNTRY CHURCH.
By Mr. WEBB, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

(*Continued from page* 346.)

ONE inviting evening in June, while I was indulging my propensity for rambling through the green retreats and flowery avenues of nature, mine ear, that had been listening to the song of the throstle, was struck by the solemn sound of a funeral knell, which diverted my steps toward the sacred dome, to enjoy some solitary musings under its consecrated roof.

"Rous'd by the bell of death, the bird of night
From the tall steeple wing'd his circling flight;
On downy pinions stemm'd the ev'ning breeze,
To perch in peace among the village trees."

Author's Manuscript Poem.

When I arrived at the hallowed edifice, I was informed that the remains of a

"long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd, like a knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand,"

was going to be deposited in a family vault.

Prompted, I trust, by a better motive than curiosity, I descended the steps into the gloomy receptacle, and viewed the silent tenants.—"Here," I involuntarily exclaimed —"here mute silence reigns—how unlike the noisy haunts of bustling man! Here the voluble tongue, that formed the well-turned period, is struck dumb; and the sparkling eye, that was wont to "tell us what the sun 's made of," has lost its lustre. Here the man of ambition, who sighed for power, and stretched his eager arms, "like seas," to grasp all around him, is confined to narrow limits. Here the son of mirth is divested of his wreath of rose-buds: he chants no more the song of joy, nor dances to the soft

strains of the lute. Here the hoary disciple of Mammon ceases to visit his golden hoard, and no longer counts his glittering pieces of yellow ore.

"Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes: [more:
The siren Pleasure here allures no
Here grov'ling Av'rice drops her golden dreams;
And life's fantastic trifles all are o'er."

A few years since, most of the inhabitants of this darksome cavern were warm with life, and flushed with hope. How restless then! how quiet now! Here lie the mouldering reliques: but where are the immaterial essences, the immortal souls? Are they acting in the capacity of guardian angels, hovering round their surviving relatives? or do they reside in yon bright rolling orbs, engaged in some employment congenial to their natures? No!—rather let me suppose that their fate is irrevocably fixed in bliss or woe.—Could one of these lifeless skeletons be once more favored with the faculty of speech, methinks it would thus address me—"Contemplative moraliser, who, with thy soliloquy, hast awaked the sleeping Echoes, and broken the silence of the dead, what means this intrusion? Was thy motive merely a useless curiosity? or didst thou come hither, by serious reflexion, to mortify thy vanity, and to mend thy heart? If the latter, welcome to this dreary mansion, where the sun of nature never shines, but where black-browed darkness ever spreads her raven wing.——Here, inquisitive mortal, mayest thou learn a salutary lesson, and see, written in legible characters, the common lot of mortality.—Though now in life's best prime—though health encircle thy brow with roses—and Death, viewed through Hope's deceitful mirror, appear at a distance—yet that grand spoiler may shortly mar thy fairest schemes, and blast thy finest prospects of worldly prosperity. Then, perhaps, instead of reclining thy head in this dark repository, thou mayest have an humbler bed of rest delved for thee in yon hallowed mould, where the tall grass that clothes thy tomb, may wave to the breeze of evening, the turf may be watered by the tears of night, and adorned by the flowers of May. Yet, then, oh! then! where will be that eternal principle, that never-dying spark of etherial fire, that now informs thy breast? May this inquiry call home each vagrant thought; and may they all be fixed on that most important of all subjects—thy latter end.

"Oh! pause! reflect, repent, resolve, amend!
Life has no length—eternity, no end."

The first coffin I approached was that of an accomplished young lady, who was torn from the embraces of her sorrowing relatives by a lingering consumption. Some imprudent visitor had slipped aside the lid, and unfolded to my sight a scene truly humiliating! enough to humble the pride of the haughtiest beau, or proudest belle. But I forbear to expatiate—

"That ghastly skull, so horrible to view, [you:
Was a fair maid's— ye belles, as fair as
Those hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd, [reign'd.
Where the Loves sported, and in triumph
Here glow'd the lips; there, white as Parian stone,
The teeth, dispos'd in beauteous order, shone." *Moore.*

The next ensign of mortality that attracted my attention, contained the withering remains of a gentleman, called from the active stage of existence, before the sun of life had reached its meridian.—He had but just finished a neat edifice, and consummated one of the most blissful

of human ties, when a fatal disease, the precursor of death, assailed him, and prematurely consigned him to this inhospitable dwelling.—Well might Dr. Young affirm, that, as soon as man found the key of life, it oped the gate of death.

But, while proceeding to notice a third object, the arrival of the funeral (as on a former occasion) admonished me to terminate my reflexions; and I ascended from the vault, to join in the solemn service.—At this instant, my Muse led me to exclaim extempore—

"Now, while this serious scene and solemn place
Impart to all a sanctimonious face,
Oh! may I never act the formal part:
But may religious awe pervade my heart!"

(*To be continued.*)

The Old Woman.

(*Continued from page* 349.)

N°. 9.—*On Female* Education.

In the wide sphere of human action, and the extensive field of moral duties, education undoubtedly takes the lead.—The stubborn ox is bent to the plough, the untractable steed taught to submit to the curb of the bridle; and shall we not endeavour to curb the wayward propensities of the youthful mind? Shall we suffer those passions, which, if uncontroled by the dictates of authority, must inevitably overwhelm all the virtues which are implanted in the human breast, to rage with unrestrained violence, to the destruction of present and future happiness? Forbid it rectitude! forbid it propriety! and forbid it, ye parents, who are desirous of promoting your own or your children's happiness!

If it is the duty of a parent to clothe the body of his offspring with raiment, and give it the necessary supply of food, how much more essential is it, that he should afford such nutriment to the intellectual faculties, as will ultimately prove beneficial! The branches of the pine may be bent, the boughs of the osier entwined, without difficulty; and the youthful mind may be turned with the same degree of ease: but it must be done while the sap is rising, which imparts elasticity, and gives a yielding pliancy to the mind.

"If the mind be well cultivated, it produces a store of fruit; if neglected, it is over-run with weeds*."—This observation of the celebrated philosopher is at once founded upon mature reflexion, and fact; and, though few would attempt to controvert the opinion, yet I am sorry to say, it has made but a slight impression upon the generality of my sex.—Superficial acquirements are substituted for essential qualifications: the tinsel of accomplishments supplies the place of sterling wealth—of that worth, which can alone adorn a human being, and insure it future and permanent happiness.

The frivolity of the present age has actually become proverbial: but whence does that frivolity, that eager pursuit after trifles, proceed? I will venture to answer the question, and assert that it arises from flippancy and vacancy of mind.—Manure and cultivate the ground; and it will produce an abundant harvest:—neglect, or allow it to be over-run with weeds, and the few seeds which are sown (to make use of the beautiful language of Scripture) will be choked with tares, in a very short time.

It is, doubtless, a difficult task to lay down rules for education, as the system must vary, according to the different propensities of the youth-

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* Seneca.

ful mind. Some must be allured, others convinced of the propriety of intellectual improvement; and some must be compelled to exert their energies.—The youthful novice, as soon as she is capable of reflexion, must perceive that there is a right and a wrong path to be pursued; and it is alike the business of the parent and instructress, to endeavour to conduct her into the former road.—This can only be done by convincing the child, or pupil, of the secret satisfaction she will derive from the approbation of her own heart—an approbation, which invariably attends every virtuous action, and carries with it a sweet, an indescribable reward.

This consoling and never-failing attendant upon rectitude of conduct is not confined to the more advanced periods of pupilage; for I will venture to assert, that mere children, if properly instructed, will feel its force, and be influenced by its weight. The first thing to be observed in children, of either sex, is the natural propensity and bias of their minds; for, by detecting that, we may check those vicious inclinations, which, at a more advanced period of life, would become inveterate habits.

Doctor Blair, in his excellent Sermon addressed to young persons, informs them, that the first thing he recommends is piety to their Maker; and adds, that he considers it as "the foundation of good morals, and a disposition peculiarly graceful and becoming in youth."—"Youth," observes the doctor, "is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness.—Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every-where display? untouched by gratitude, can you behold that profusion of good which his beneficent hand has spread around you?"

But can these sensations be produced in a mind uninstructed in the duties of religion, or untutored in the path of virtue? Can the child, who, in her domestic circle, perceives no proof of adoration to the great Parent of the universe, no action influenced by his divine command—can that child be expected to feel an instinctive propensity either to tread in the path of religion or moral rectitude? Example (to make use of a trite observation) is infinitely more impressive than advice; and the example of those we love, makes a tenfold impression upon the adult, as well as the youthful, mind.

How necessary a part of education then does example become! with what a watchful eye ought the parent or instructress to scrutinise her own conduct! and how cautiously ought they to guard against the very appearance of those improprieties which they condemn in children! for unavailing will be admonition or authority, if an example of those imperfections for which the young are censured, is daily set before their eyes; and if, in the persons of their parents or admonishers, they can trace the very failing for which they have been reproved.

The next impression to be made upon the minds of children, after having implanted the seeds of veneration and gratitude to their Maker, is that of reverence, affection, and

docility, toward their parents and instructors.

"Dependence and obedience," observes the author whom I have above quoted, "in a peculiar manner belong to youth: modesty is its greatest ornament;" and I will venture to assert that the female who is devoid of its enchanting graces, however great her acquirements, and however shining her abilities, is deficient in what constitutes the sexes greatest charm.

Arrogance and self-sufficiency are undoubtedly imperfections to which the young and uninstructed are peculiarly prone. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitate indiscretion, into the midst of those dangers to which the unwary are continually exposed. —Let me then take this opportunity of cautioning, not only the young in general, but particularly those of my own sex, to learn to doubt the infallibility of their own judgement, and to be guided by the counsel of their more experienced friends.—By this advice, I do not mean to infer that the youthful are implicitly to rely upon the opinion of their parents, friends, or instructors, without making use of that judgement which Providence has bestowed upon them for the wisest purpose; for, in that case, they would become mere machines in the hand of a workman, who would direct them by a proper use of the springs.—Children ought to be taught both to reflect and to reason; and it is a parent's duty to explain to them, why a pursuit may be followed, or why it should be avoided; and, by pointing out the consequences of this or that mode of conduct, its utility or inutility will be indelibly impressed on their minds.

A love of truth, and an abhorrence of falsehood, may be instilled into the mind at the earliest period of life; and it is a fatal error which some parents are under, who imagine that the distinction is above the capacity of a mere child.—The child, in fact, is the man or woman in miniature; and it is education alone, that can prevent every evil propensity from being displayed: it is that, which curbs the passions of the petulant, and draws forth the timid from an obscuring shade.—Every amiable, every benevolent emotion ought to be encouraged: lovely appears the tear of sympathy in the eye of youth; and it is actually necessary to accustom children to behold scenes of sorrow and misfortune.—The cottage of the sick peasant, for example, will present a view, not only likely to call forth the benevolent affections, but to excite a mixture of sympathy and gratitude in the youthful mind; for, while commiserating the sufferings and distresses incident to an humble station, the child will naturally feel, that, by enjoying the bounties of a gracious Providence, she is infinitely more blest.

"Every good and every perfect gift comes from above," says the inspired writer; yet how apt are we to forget the giver, while in full enjoyment of the gift! But, when we behold our fellow creatures languishing for the want of common necessaries, surely we must then forcibly feel the advantages of our own state. This sentiment of gratitude to the beneficent donor of earthly blessings cannot be too strongly impressed upon the ductile mind of youth: it is a sentiment which we all owe: it is an emotion we ought all to cherish, and which to be devoid of, evinces a cold and callous heart.

Rectitude of thought, and pro-

bity of principle, are essential points to be attended to in the system of education. No evasive plans of art, no deceptive subterfuges, ought to be passed over without punishment. An ingenuous disclosure of faults cannot be too highly applauded; and the censure which the unacknowledged fault would have met with, ought to be mitigated; yet, if some degree of blame be not attached to the misconduct, that total impunity will be a tacit encouragement to a repetition of it.

It is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that neither parent nor instructress should ever forfeit a promise made to a child, even though the performance of it should be attended with inconveniencies, unperceived when it was made.—A promise ought, in my opinion, to be considered as equally binding with the most sacred contract: it is the seal of confidence between man and man; and, if the impression is suffered to be effaced by circumstances or situation, adieu to honor, rectitude, and faith!

Selfishness, in youth, is a propensity which ought to be reprehended with as much severity as failings which may appear to have a more alarming tendency; for it is not only a propensity which will increase with years; but it will corrupt the disposition, and destroy all the finer feelings of the heart.—Its consequences are more to be dreaded than the most violent ebullitions of passion. Reason may conquer the latter; but the former grows with our growth, and renders the being under its influence not only unamiable, but completely despicable.

How much is it to be lamented that parents and instructors do not sufficiently discriminate between the errors of the head, and the failings of the heart!—I have myself seen a child severely whipped for breaking a pane of glass in playfulness, and his brother only slightly reproved for eating a sixpenny cake without giving the other any part.

By pointing out those principles which ought to be carefully implanted in the youthful bosom, I have proved that I consider what are termed accomplishments, as a secondary concern; and happy would it be for the rising generation, if this opinion were more generally prevalent.—Accomplishments are, doubtless, necessary in certain situations: but, in the wide field of moral duties, they hold a very subordinate station:—like a gilded frame, they embellish a fine picture, without increasing the artist's credit.—An unassuming accomplished female is an ornament to society, and certainly possesses the means of rendering herself agreeable; and I would not have it supposed I mean to infer, that, because she possesses fashionable acquirements, she must consequently be unamiable.—On the contrary, I conceive, that, when good principles are established, and a sense of moral rectitude firmly fixed, she will feel it a duty to devote those acquirements to the gratification of her friends.—How frequently have I been in company with young ladies who have actually had a little fortune spent upon them, yet, if requested to play or sing for the gratification of the society, mortify their parents by a refusal.—Had these young ladies been properly instructed in the duty and gratitude which they owe to the authors of their existence, or been taught the necessity of endeavouring to render themselves pleasing to their friends, they would have felt a secret satisfaction in complying with their parents' wishes, and, in some

degree, compensating for a heavy expense.

The idea has frequently struck me, that it would be a most judicious measure, if female seminaries were formed according to the elevation, or gradation, of the pupils' rank; for, can it be prudent to educate a farmer's or a merchant's daughter upon the same system that would be adopted with a nobleman's? As there is a wide distinction in their sphere of life, so ought there to be a different plan pursued in the mode of their education: but the evil unfortunately extends far beyond the boundaries of the school; and, to sustain those partialities which are formed at an early period, these unfortunate girls must, in dress and appearance, vie with their high-born acquaintance. Usefulness is beneath their consideration: domestic duties would degrade their consequence; and their ill-judging parents too late feel the folly of a fashionable education.

But, alas! the mischief which arises from educating children above their stations, is not confined to the respectable classes of society which I have named; for the tailor's, the shoemaker's, and the little farmer's daughter, all feel the effect of this lamentable mistake.—Instead of these truly pitiable young womenassisting their mothers in the family concerns, or rendering themselves useful in their trade, their mornings are spent in practising upon an instrument, and their evenings in visiting their numerous acquaintance. —Can any honest farmer's son, brought up in industrious habits, ever think of making a young woman of this description his wife? He may, it is true, derive pleasure from the jingling tones of the piano; but he will feel that a complete knowledge of domestic economy is essential in a wife.

A few days back, I received a most interesting epistle from an intelligent correspondent in Suffolk, upon this most important subject, containing an anecdote, which I cannot with-hold from my readers, conceiving it must add weight to what I have said

" A wealthy and most respectable farmer in Suffolk placed his daughter at a justly celebrated school, with positive injunctions to the governess that every accomplishment should be taught. In the pride of parental affection, and under the idea of witnessing the great improvement of his daughter, he paid a visit to the mistress of the school, and eagerly inquired whether the young lady learned every thing that could be taught?—Capability, however, unfortunately was wanting; and the judicious governess confined her instructions to her pupil's comprehension; and with candor acknowledged that the poor girl had not a *capacity* to learn all he wished.—" Capacity!" repeated the astonished father: " then, madam, why don't you *buy one* for her?"

(*To be continued.*)

The Debtors;
a Narrative founded on Facts.
By Maria.

(*Continued from page 353.*)

There is something too strongly binding in early affections and early habits, for the power of the designing easily to break through; or Louisa Pennington had not urged the friend, whose society was so inimical to the plans of her new associates, to accompany her in the premeditated excursion.

Though Mrs. Blissington and Mrs. Luxmore might have been

considered as rival queens in the reign of fashion—yet, like two able generals, they agreed to form a coalition in their designs upon our heroine. Each of these ladies had a son; and the two youths, under the tuition of their respective mothers, were to practise the art of insinuation.—That this was their design, Mrs. Montgomery had discovered, previous to their quitting the metropolis; and, alarmed lest the object of her solicitude should become the victim of interested motives, she candidly avowed her sentiments.—That very close association, however, which Mrs. Montgomery had feared might prove an attraction to the affections of her beloved pupil, acted as a repellent; for she had an opportunity of discovering many traits in the disposition of both her admirers, which even her immature judgement could not avoid condemning.

On the second day after the party had reached Cumberland, an express arrived to Louisa's attached friend, informing her that her aged mother was feared to be at the point of death.—By this intelligence, those seeds of affection, which had apparently lain dormant, were roused into action; and Miss Pennington declared her resolution of accompanying her friend to the abode of indisposition.—To this proposition numerous objections were started; and Mrs. Montgomery, who knew her mother's humble habitation could not afford a comfortable residence for a young lady of Miss Pennington's fortune, thought, that, by acquiescing in the affectionate proposal, she should expose herself to the charge of being interested in her views. It was therefore determined, that, after visiting the Lakes, the party should immediately return into Yorkshire, as Mrs. Montgomery's mother did not reside more than thirty miles distant from Miss Pennington's estate.

When Louisa saw the carriage drive from the door, which separated her from the protectress of her childhood, and the friend of her riper years, she felt as if deprived of every earthly blessing; and severely did her heart reproach her for many recent instances of disregard.—No time, however, was allowed for reflexion: the Blissingtons and the Luxmores redoubled their attentions; and, in a few days, that void, which had been left, was completely occupied by variety and pretended affection.

Taught from childhood to admire the varieties of nature, and to adore nature's God, Louisa beheld the beautiful scenery around her with the most gratifying emotion.—Her party appeared to participate in these sensations; and, as every pleasurable emotion is increased by participation, Louisa felt not the loss of her intelligent companion's society; so unremitting were the attentions of her new associates.—The weather, which had been peculiarly inviting, suddenly underwent a total revolution; and the smooth expanse of Derwent, Bassenthwaite, and Buttermere waters, became violently agitated by a continued hurricane. The rain fell in actual torrents—the whole scene of nature appeared changed.—At that moment of *ennui*, two young men of fashion, of Charles Luxmore's acquaintance, arrived in Cumberland, to give animation, and inspire delight.—Cards, which had been in great measure suspended, were now introduced, even in the early part of the day; and Louisa, whose mind was unoccupied, resorted to them with additional glee.—Though she had previously lost large sums to the

same party, yet, without acknowledging it, she had frequently been checked by the remonstrances of her friend: but now, left entirely to her own discretion, she played with impatient avidity, and unpardonable thoughtlessness.

The blended sensations of duty and affection prevented Mrs. Montgomery from returning to her young friend; for her mother's indisposition was of that dangerous, yet tedious nature, that rendered it impossible for her to be left.—From this unfortunate circumstance, the inconsiderate Louisa was thrown upon the world, and surrounded with temptations, without one being to advise her against the numerous allurements to pleasure and dissipation, to which a young woman of large fortune is naturally exposed.

That, in the sketch of the history of an heiress, the subject of love should never have been introduced, may strike some of my readers as an unpardonable omission: but the truth is, that, though Charles Luxmore, and George Blissington, made strong attacks upon Louisa's affections, her heart was completely defended; and, when she could no longer parry off these redoubtable heroes, she capitulated by a promise of eternal friendship.

When the heroine of my narrative had positively rejected the two young gentlemen, she was considered as a fit object for their mothers' interested designs; and, while each lamented the blindness of her perception, each determined to profit by her propensity to the irresistible vice of gaming.

As Mrs. Montgomery's letters had declared the impossibility of leaving her aged mother, the party found little difficulty in persuading Miss Pennington to relinquish the idea of revisiting her paternal domain, and to spend the remaining part of the summer at those celebrated watering-places, where folly and fashion united reign.

I shall therefore pass over those intervening months which were spent in these excursions, and re-instate my heroine in her residence in Portman-square—merely saying, that the youthful tourist had expended a sum far beyond what prudence or propriety could have allowed.—The winter months passed in one continued round of gaiety. Miss Pennington's parties were the most splendid of any in town: but how the expense was defrayed, or whether poor Hemming's successor observed punctuality with her numerous tradesmen, never once entered into Louisa's thoughts. This young lady's plan had merely been to send her own woman to the steward with an order for two or three hundred pounds, according as her ill success at the card-table made her require the immediate use of that sum.

One evening, however, she had been peculiarly unfortunate, and, returning home at a late, or, rather, *early* hour, desired her Abigail to inform the steward that she must have five hundred pounds by nine o'clock.—Astonished at the demand, the man declared his inability to comply with it; and at the same time desired the *femme de chambre* to inform her lady, that she was at liberty to inspect his accounts, as he was certain she was not aware of the immense sums she had expended within the last twelve months.

Louisa, who had always been accustomed to have her wishes in pecuniary matters instantly gratified, was actually petrified at the refusal; and, for the first time, conscience whispered, that she had been shamefully wasting her fortune.—It was

in vain that she tried to silence that impressive monitor; for, like a creditor whose patience has been exhausted by broken promises, it resolved to be heard:—sleep totally fled from her eye-lids; and she arose, unrefreshed, at an early hour. —The steward was immediately summoned into her presence. "Jackson," said she, "I must positively have five hundred pounds; for I am actually miserable at the idea of being in debt, even for a few hours."

Jackson repeated his inability to comply with her wish, and informed her that there were many tradesmen's debts, which he was unable to discharge, from her having drawn so largely upon him for her own private purse.—"Debts!" exclaimed Louisa—"how is that possible? do not my estates bring me in seven thousand a year?"—"True, madam," replied Jackson: "but you have lived at the rate of near double that sum."

The sudden eruption of a volcano could scarcely have given a greater shock to Louisa's feelings. Pale and trembling, she tottered to her chair, and, hiding her face with her handkerchief, burst into a violent flood of tears.—The five hundred pounds which had roused the dormant feelings of my heroine, had been lost, the preceding evening, to a relative of Mrs. Luxmore's; and, as she could not support the idea of remaining in debt to a gentleman, she resolved to borrow it from that lady, until her steward could receive remittances from Yorkshire. For this purpose, she ordered her carriage to be brought to the door immediately; and, with sensations which it would be difficult for the power of language to describe, she descended the stairs, with the intention of soliciting Mrs. Luxmore's aid.—In passing through the hall, her astonishment was excited, by seeing nine or ten persons waiting there; the greater number of whom pressed eagerly forward, and implored an audience.—Foremost in the number was a young female, on whose countenance distress, amounting to agony, was strikingly depicted. "In mercy, madam," said she, "permit me to speak to you; for I come to plead a suffering father's cause!"

"Speak to me!" repeated Louisa with a mixture of compassion and astonishment in the tone of her voice—"Surely," continued she, turning to the porter, "you have not refused admission into my presence?"—"I have attended daily for these three weeks, madam, in the hope of seeing Mr. Jackson," rejoined the young woman—"but have never been able to obtain an interview."—Louisa darted a look of resentment at her servants, and, turning to her dejected petitioner, said, "Will yo do me the favor to walk up stairs?"—A crimson glow of delight beamed upon the pallid countenance of Jessy Jameson (for such was the young woman's name) as, with apparent humility, she accepted the invitation, and followed my heroine into her dressing-room.

"Oh! madam!" exclaimed the hapless girl, as she closed the door of the apartment, "how shall I repay this kindness and condescension? I fear I have been too bold: but the distresses of a beloved father will, I hope, plead my excuse."

"Tell me, without reserve, in what manner I can serve your father," rejoined Louisa, taking the amiable Jessy by the hand.—"Oh! if you will only have the goodness, madam, to order your steward to to pay his bill, that is all I request of you; and, had he done it a month

sooner, my father would not have been arrested for his rent."

"His bill!" repeated Louisa, in a tone of astonishment.—"Do you mean to say, that I am in your father's debt?"—"Yes, madam," replied Jessy: "he is the person who has furnished you with all your exotics; but he has had several heavy losses lately; and Mr. Jackson was in a great passion with him for asking for payment of his bill. Yet, had it been discharged, madam, he could have paid his landlord every farthing; and might, with the blessing of God, have been now in good health; but the misery of being torn from his family, and inclosed within the damp walls of a prison, has brought on a complication of dangerous diseases."

"Sick, and in prison! and all through my negligence!" ejaculated Louisa, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears.—"I will go instantly to your father, express my sorrow for his sufferings, and remove him to some comfortable habitation."—As she said this, she moved toward the door; when, recollecting that she had not the power of fulfilling her promise, she returned to the bell, rang it with impatience, and desired the steward to come immediately to her.—The servant returned in a few moments, with intelligence that the steward was not at home.—Agitated beyond expression, she eagerly inquired of Jessy, what sum she owed; and, being informed ninety-three guineas, she instantly opened a private drawer, took a morocco case from it, and desired Jessy to follow her.

The persons whom she had seen in the hall, were still waiting; and, concluding that Jessy Jameson had been successful, eagerly crowded round her, requesting the payment of their different accounts.—"My good friends," said Louisa, endeavouring to feign a composure which was very foreign to her feelings, "it is only from this young person I have discovered that I had one unpaid debt: but have the goodness to call upon me to-morrow morning; and I will examine, and, if possible, discharge all your bills."

A grateful buzz of approbation burst from the lips of Louisa's auditors, as, with hurried steps, she passed on to her carriage, followed by the delighted Jessy, who had previously been desired to accompany her.—The coachman was ordered to drive to her jeweller's.—When the carriage stopped, Louisa descended from it; and, expressing a wish to have a private conference with him, she was shown into a back apartment.

"You will be astonished at the request I am going to make, sir," said Louisa, in evident embarrassment: "but it is necessary that you should know that I have been unpardonably inconsiderate; and that the consequence of it is, that I am in debt.—My steward has, I fear, acted in an unprincipled manner: but that does not diminish the censure attached to myself.—I have a pressing necessity for a hundred and fifty guineas, as a security for which, I will leave you my diamond necklace.—Will you then, sir, oblige me with that sum of money? it is not to be devoted to extravagance, but to the discharge of a long contracted debt."

The agitation of Louisa's manner, the amiable principle by which she was actuated—united to the novelty of the request—acted very forcibly upon the mind of the jeweller; and, closing the casket, he put it into her hand, saying, "I feel a secret satisfaction, madam, in being able to comply with your

wishes; and your word is a sufficient security for the money."—Then opening an iron closet, he presented her with the sum she had requested.

Had Louisa's mind been in a frame to moralise, she would imperceptibly have drawn a comparison between the actions of the jeweller, and some of her fashionable friends, whose interested conduct had frequently shocked her feelings, though their amusing qualities prevented her from being guided by her judgement.—With the liveliest expressions of gratitude, she received the hundred and fifty guineas, and, returning to her humble companion, desired the coachman to drive to the Fleet prison, where the unfortunate Mr. Jameson languished on the bed of sickness.

(To be continued.)

The Dutch Patriots *of the Sixteenth Century.*

(Continued from page 357.)

An enchanting spectacle displays itself to his eyes: the most valuable productions of both hemispheres, collected in this island by the bounty of nature and the industry of art, flourish together in perfect harmony: the trees of Europe and those of India, often inimical to each other, here meet in social accord, and blend their varied foliage: the birds of those different climates, perched on the same boughs, live in friendly union, mingle their diversified plumage, and join their notes in concert. No cloud sullies the brilliant azure of the ambient sky: peace and happiness smile around: the eye is lost in long bowers, planted by the hand of nature: the mountain streams are rich with gold, which the inhabitants disdain to gather. Here stand altars consecrated by Virtue herself to the Supreme Being: here the Batavians taste perfect bliss, and the savages partake of the same felicity—enjoying all the rights and privileges of men.

William is for a while captivated by the charms of this delightful spot; and the soft murmurs of the brooks, with the soothing mildness of the air, seem to banish from his mind a part of his cares: but suddenly his thoughts revert to his scattered fleet, to the Belgic towers, and a nation groaning in chains. Immediately he returns to the shore, and, addressing the chief of the isle—"A fortunate, an unexpected chance," said he, "has conducted us across the stormy seas to this island, which is to us as another home: but do not attempt to prolong our stay among you. Even in this Elysium, I have heard the sighs of the oppressed Batavians: and can I then consent to loiter here in inglorious ease? No! I must depart, though I were constrained to encounter the perils of the raging ocean in a frail skiff. While I speak to you, the moments are rapidly on the wing:—no doubt, the Batavian patriots are already engaged in the martial contest."

"I could wish," replied Aldamene, "for a longer period to enjoy the company of such dear, such illustrious guests: but they cannot continue to absent themselves from the glorious career which they were preparing to enter—from which they have been forcibly snatched away—and to which their generous courage impels them to return. And we, notwithstanding the extent of ocean which divides us from the ancient world, compose but one family with the inhabitants of our mother country: there sleep the ashes of our fathers: in clasping you to our bosoms, we have drawn closer the bonds which unite us

with the Batavians: we bear the same name with them; and can we ever consent that they should crouch under the ignominious yoke of slavery? Condescend, however, for this single night, to repose in my abode: can you consent to depart, without honoring our roofs with your presence? and shall we have renewed our pleasing ties only for one short moment, to vanish like the fancied bliss of a delusive dream? Your friends are busily employed in the execution of your commands, and preparing to unfurl the sails of the largest of our ships. Here also you have found true Batavians: deign, therefore, to confirm our constancy by the sight of the valiant defenders of the Batavian name; grant to us this short delay; and afterward devote the remainder of your life to the service of our unhappy countrymen."

Nassau, his brothers, and the chiefs who accompany him, are won by the friendly importunity of the aged sire to follow him to his dwelling, where they find a feast prepared, and enjoy the fraternal welcome of their host and the other inhabitants of the isle.

The night is passed in conversation, which by turns melts and sublimes the souls of the islanders. The hero relates to them his successes and his disasters—describes the flames of the Inquisition devouring his native country—draws the portraits of Philip and Alva—fixes the attention of his audience on the unshaken courage and heroic death of Brederode, with the captivity of Horn and of Egmont—nor forgets the fate of his son Buren. Then transporting them in idea to Germany, where several of the princes and free states had embraced the Belgic cause, he describes his victorious passage of the Meuse—the sudden terror which Alva spread over Belgium—the loss of the battle—the friendly oak which was his sole refuge at that disastrous moment—the Batavian and Gallic bands quickly rallying around him—the assistance which he carried to Coligni—two Batavian provinces giving the signal of liberty, and inviting him to the supreme command—his hasty departure from France—and the tempest, which, at the moment when he was eagerly hastening back to the fields of war, had driven him to their isle.

Attentive to his interesting tale, the islanders, and, above all the rest, Irthur, and young Idalira the mistress of his affections, felt their bosoms alternately agitated by the lively emotions of admiration, grief, fear, hope;—and the tears bedewed their cheeks.

The soul of Aldamene hung upon the lips of William.—"Revered abodes of our fathers!" said he, "how deeply we at this moment regret that we abandoned you, when, under the empire of Charles, we consented to separate ourselves from our native land—impelled, less by the prospect of the rising troubles, than by the apprehension of those which we already anticipated from the government of Philip, even at the time when his father called him from Madrid to exhibit him to the Belgians! Conveyed to Genoa in Doria's vessel—young as he was, he dared to advise that virtuous sire, whose valour had delivered his country, to erect a strong citadel, as a curb to the liberty of the republic; and this tyrannic counsel was interpreted as prophetic of his own future conduct, when seated on the throne.

"While kings and pontiffs from year to year protracted the sittings of that tumultuous assembly collect-

ed from all parts of the Christian world*, which was to disarm the belligerant powers, to fix at length our mode of faith and worship, and to reform the vices of the popes—but which produced no other effect than that of multiplying errors, scandals, and wars—at the invitation of happiness, we steered our course to this sequestered isle. Till the moment when it received me on its hospitable shore, my life had passed as a day of continual storms: long tossed by their violence, I at length enjoy the calm of a serene evening, at a distance from those tempests which throw the whole universe into confusion; and, full of confidence in the Supreme Being whose hand guides the thread of our fate, I fear not the night of death, which already approaches, and hovers over my darkening eyes. I stand as it were in the avenue to a happier abode, where Virtue no longer sheds tears, and which is not contaminated by the presence of tyrants. Even in this life they are punished:—though surrounded by a prostrate crowd of fawning courtiers, they are objects of universal horror: even to their own eyes they appear stamped with the mark of reprobation, whenever an intrusive ray of light discovers to them the hideous vices that lurk within their breasts: and can they ever pluck from their bosoms the goading stings of remorse, that inflexible executioner of eternal justice?

"While Philip, surrounded with pomp and pleasures, issues his sanguinary edicts—while he aggravates the weight of his yoke on the necks of mankind—you, who have hitherto scarcely experienced aught but calamity—you, who are tossed by the storms of fortune, and who, ready to encounter still more terrible tempests, display on your countenances the calm serenity of courage and virtue—are greater than that haughty despot, though he were seated on the throne of the universe. —Warriors! if my age and experience entitle me to add a new stimulus to your generous enthusiasm, let me exhort you to assume the unshaken firmness of the rock, in withstanding a successive series of new disasters. Rapt as it were beyond myself, I at this moment read the dark page of futurity: yes! my heart bounds with joy at the glorious prospect! I behold the Batavians free: I see the arm of the Almighty conducting that nation, together with you their generous defenders, through the steep and winding paths of misfortune, to the peaceful summit, where, beyond the reach of the tempest, reigns undisturbed felicity."

He pronounces these last words with such energetic force and dignity, that the warriors fancy they hear the accents of one of those revered sages of ancient times, who appeared illumined with a ray of celestial wisdom, and commissioned to reveal the decrees of heaven. At the same time, the orient sun, gilding the summits of the woods and mountains, displays to their view his beams, and gives the signal of their departure—a departure too hasty for the wishes of their friendly host; and already, enflamed by the prophetic voice of the aged sire, they arise, and, in spite of the charms of his conversation and the attractions of his delightful abode, take their way toward the shore.

At this moment, the untutored Peruvians who inhabit the forests of this isle, arrive in a body, and boldly present themselves to Wil-

* The council of Trent, which assembled in 1546, and closed its sittings in 1563.

liam, whom their leader thus addresses—"Illustrious chief of a nation for whom Victory reserves her brightest laurels, in us you behold an unfortunate race, escaped from the ruthless barbarity of the Spaniards. In sparing our lives, they no doubt reserved us to be the victims of a new species of cruelty: for there are among them a set of monsters under the shape and appellation of men, who, mutilating the limbs or their captives in order to prevent their flight—and being content, as they say, thus to preserve the half of a slave—condemn them to cultivate, for the benefit of a cruel master, that soil which has been drenched with the blood of our ancestors—that soil, which, in the broad face of day, lies strewed with the blanched bones of its murdered inhabitants.

"Nor let your mind harbour a suspicion that these are the exaggerate accusations of inveterate enmity: never have the Peruvians been guilty of falsifying the truth.—Too surely were we destined to undergo that atrocious treatment: but we preferred the worst of deaths, and, bursting our chains, converted their broken fragments into irresistible weapons. The centinels who guarded our dungeons fell under our desperate efforts: others crowded in to their assistance: we sacrificed them all: and, our rage proving more serviceable to us on that occasion than our former valour, we burst our way through all opposition, and, by paths unknown to the Spaniards, gained a distant part of the coast, whence, in light canoes, we reached these forests, where we have now too long remained in expectation of death—a death unsweetened by vengeance on our inhuman foe.

"At length a voice has reached our ears—no doubt, a voice from heaven—which has imparted to us the news of your arrival, and, apprising us of your past exploits and your present designs, has excited in our bosoms an eager desire and a flattering hope of being permitted to participate in the glorious enterprise in which you are hasting to engage. Heretofore, while you were combating our enemies in the old world, we were shedding their blood on our native plains: we are your allies: we swear inviolable friendship to the Batavians, implicit respect and submission to the orders of their chief, whom from this moment we consider as ours also. William! we offer you the unbought arm of free-born valour, and wish to accompany you, were it to the extremity of the universe, to avenge our fathers, their tombs, our fields, our forests, our country deluged with blood. In the hour of battle, let us be stationed where-ever you think certain death awaits the gallant warrior whose sword shall have strewed numerous Spaniards in the dust. All we require of you, is to furnish us with arms."

Then displaying a heap of gold, which his labors and those of his countrymen had torn from the bowels of the earth, "This gold," added he, "the fatal produce of our climate—this gold is said to be in the old world the price of every object of man's wishes. Let it therefore serve to promote the success of your enterprise, the glory of the Batavians, the vengeance of Peru and Mexico, and the punishment of crimes hitherto unexampled."

(*To be continued.*)

The Brothers; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 362.)

Chap. 16.

The heart, that, sorrow doom'd to share,
Has worn the frequent seal of woe,
Its sad impressions learns to bear,
And finds full oft its ruin slow.

But, when that seal is first impress'd—
When the young heart its pain shall try—
From the soft, yielding, trembling breast,
Oft seems the startled soul to fly.

Langhorne.

It is almost needless to say that the French ladies and Richmond were among the earliest topics of discourse between Mrs. Egerton and her niece. The aunt mentioned, that a letter from Madame D'Almenie, two days before, said he was sufficiently recovered to venture into the open air; and, while they were mutually lamenting those circumstances, which, though unrevealed, had evidently cast a blight over the brightest period of his life, a chaise drove hastily to the door, and, almost before a conjecture was formed as to what visitor it conveyed, the subject of their conversation rushed into the room where they were sitting—attempted to articulate something—but, on perceiving Miss Monson, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sank upon the floor in a fainting-fit.

For some moments, they concluded him dead; and, while thus stretched inanimate before them, his emaciated figure, his bloodless cheeks, his sunken and now closed eyes, gave no other idea than that of a person who had ceased to exist. In a few minutes, however, some signs of life appeared, and he was conveyed to bed.

His servant could give no other account, than, that, after about ten days' convalescence, and going out into the air, he suddenly became in a state little short of phrensy—sent to the nearest town for a hack chaise and four horses—would not listen to any representations respecting his unfitness to travel, and employed himself in writing till the carriage arrived. He then set out instantly, and kept urging the post-boys all the way to increase their speed, saying he thought he should not live to reach Woodfield; and, if he did not, a letter must be taken from his pocket, and forwarded.—The man further declared that the journey was so far beyond his master's strength, in the enfeebled state to which he was reduced, he thought, if it had lasted much longer, he could not have survived it; and that the fit, which had alarmed them so much, was merely the natural consequence of such an imprudent exertion.

As the servant finished his account, he presented the letter, which, he said, after undressing his master, he took out of his pocket; for he was sure it was of consequence, and should be looked at, in case it gave directions about any thing, as the poor captain must not now be spoken to, the doctor said; nor indeed, if he was, could he make a reply.

To the infinite surprise of both ladies, the pacquet was directed to "*Miss Monson.*" Julia had some hesitation about opening it: but her aunt insisted on the propriety of the measure; and, having conquered her scruples, they read as follows—

"Pardon, ever adored Miss Monson, the incoherencies of the most wretched of human beings, who thus presumes to address you: and—suspended, as it were, between two worlds—he need not be suspected of motives, which (as he hopes for salvation) would never, even in the most ungovernable moments of his life, have found a place in his bosom.

"To dwell on the fervency of a passion which can only terminate with his existence, is now unnecessary.—Once, Julia, you repressed its effusions. I knew they were unfit to meet your ear, and sub-

mitted in silence; though, with the enthusiasm of love, I fondly fancied, a heart, devoted like mine, was more worthy your acceptance, than such worldly distinctions, as are the expected tributes to youth and beauty.

"I need not portray the effects produced by distress of mind. Possibly, indeed, you may have heard that a fever, which succeeded your departure, reduced me to the brink of the grave. Contrary to my wishes and expectations, I have survived the crisis: but judge, how little, in the early period of convalescence, I am fitted to receive intelligence, in comparison with which the stroke of death would have been mild.

"By my good-natured landlady I am informed that you are on the point of marriage—that every thing is fixed for the celebration of your nuptials. She mentioned it as a piece of news, to amuse an invalid—and, ignorant of the anguish she inflicted, named it with that satisfaction, which a prospect of advantage to the worthy and the good excites in hearts like hers, which can feel a pleasure in the happiness of others.

"She dwelt upon the great riches, the fine houses, the splendid carriages of Lord Blenmore, till she almost *drove* me mad: for I know the man; and I exhort you, as you value your own happiness, not to tie yourself to one of the weakest of his sex, in whose imbecile mind the seeds of vice and folly are already thickly sown, and who is as incapable of appreciating, as he is unworthy of enjoying, perfections like yours.

"Examine your own heart, my beloved Miss Monson! It is framed for more refined felicity, than to lead the fashion, or give the *ton* to a giddy multitude. In the brilliancy of wealth, or the glitter of dissipation, would it not vainly seek its counterpart, and sigh for that domestic happiness, then, alas! unattainable? As a friend, I warn you to withdraw from the precipice on which you stand. This, I solemnly swear, is without one selfish view towards my own wishes, or a spark of malice to a man, whom your acceptance only will teach the world to envy.

"In all probability, before this reaches you, *my* wishes will be for-ever terminated: and the last my soul is capable of forming, will be for your welfare. Yet—to avoid every scruple on your part to comply with the entreaties of an avowed, a passionate lover—I fly to obtain the sanction of your inestimable relative to these admonitions. Her heart, I well know, ever alive to the soft impulses of humanity, will not refuse to forward them, or listen to the detail I am enabled to give of the frivolity and insignificance of him, to whom your misjudging parents have guided your choice.

"In a moment of desperation, I once thought of rushing into your presence, and attempting to gain a promise, that you would not thus rashly trifle with the first blessings of existence: but (thank Heaven!) I had still reason enough left to keep me from such a step. I felt that I was *not* authorised thus to intrude upon your father's house, or even upon *you*—that, by so doing, the purity of my motives might be suspected: and, while listening to the music of your voice, or beholding the fascination of your smile, I feared I might be drawn into pleading for myself, instead of exhorting you, as I do now, for your own sake only, to break these unworthy shackles.

"Much more would I say: but my head turns giddy: I know not

what I write; and the pen trembles in my hand, while I add, that, though believing myself on the verge of eternity, I must, till received to the bosom of my Redeemer, be yours alone."

The tremulous writing, the uneven lines, too clearly indicated the condition in which poor Richmond had penned this wild epistle. Many a tear, and many a sigh, did it call forth from the sympathising heart to which it was addressed—a heart, now possessed by a passion as fervent, though more temperate, than that of the unhappy young man, by whose anxiety for her welfare it was dictated.

Deeply indeed did she rejoice that it was only through the error of report, her marriage with the Earl of Blenmore could be spoken of, as concluded upon: but, as he had talked publicly of the *generosity* of his proposals, she was not surprised, that the world had taken her acceptance of them as a certain consequence, or that, at forty miles' distance, the matter should be settled for her, in a way diametrically opposite to her own intentions.

She observed that the letter was without a signature: but *that* she imputed only to the writer's inability to continue an exertion too evidently beyond his strength—little suspecting the distress he endured, while conscious of not being legally entitled to any particular name—and, to the woman he adored, ashamed of using one which was surreptitious, or rather adopted from motives of temporary conveniency.

The condition of the invalid visibly improved through the next day: for, even in the midst of suffering and sickness, the sweet consciousness of vicinity to the woman he loved—and the soft hopes, which, even though unsanctioned by probability, stole over his mind from this circumstance—had a medicinal effect; and the physician pronounced, that, if no fresh fatigue or agitation was encountered, his patient might yet do well.

Julia, fully aware of the critical situation in which she stood, was anxious to evade any conversation with Richmond, and requested that her aunt, if he ever began on the subject which had carried him thither, would assure him of her unceasing gratitude—that she sincerely lamented the effect which an unfounded story had produced; as, so far from her marriage being settled, nothing would have induced her to accept Lord Blenmore; but to entreat at the same time that he would control his emotions, and, while possessing her sincerest friendship, confine his own regard within similar bounds.

(*To be continued.*)

The Highland Hermitage.

(*Continued from page 366.*)

The History of Mrs. D'Anville, inclosed in the preceding Letter.

"Should any other eye than my own ever glance over the following pages—stop, gentle reader, and indulge, for a moment, this reflexion—that no worldly advantages of birth and fortune, though universally coveted and envied, can secure the possessor from the miseries incident to human nature.

"My prospects were most fair: but, alas! how are they now blasted! My name, before I became the wife of D'Anville, was Seymour—my father, the last male heir of a very ancient family, who had for a long series of years maintained the same rank in life. Their fortune, accumulated through successive generations, was now centred in my father, whose large landed property

lay mostly in Hampshire, where he almost constantly resided—very seldom visiting the metropolis, for the follies and pleasures of which he had a most hearty contempt. He prided himself on being an independent country gentleman, whose family had, time out of mind, supported their principles and independence. He despised titled honors, and called them the badges of court slavery :—he had a still greater dislike to moneyed men, who had grown rich in trade; for he considered their inordinate wealth as acquired at the expense of their fellow subjects.

" A man with these confined notions could not be an agreeable companion to gentlemen of more liberal principles. My father possessed sound sense: and, had he received the benefit of an enlarged education, and been used to the society of men of learning and refinement, he would in all probability have been an honor to the country he lived in But his parents' destructive fondness confined their only son at home, and thought it was knowledge sufficient, to know that he would one day be lord of all around him.

" Such as I have described him, his manners were too arbitrary and boisterous to allow his company to be courted by men of his own rank and fortune, who had received those educational advantages from which he had been debarred. But there were a certain class of men, who could bow before my father's pride, laugh at his jokes, and *encore* his wit, for the sake of the good things that were to be enjoyed at his sumptuous table: for my father was generous, hospitable, candid, and sincere :—his faults and his virtues were alike open to public inspection.

" How different is the character of D'Anville! Dark, mysterious, gloomy and reserved, avaricious and hypocritical, he had the appearance of virtues which he did not possess, while he carefully concealed from his unsuspicious friend the numerous vices that sullied his character. How hard is my fate, to be obliged to cast such a dark shade over the names of those with whom I am so nearly connected! But my father's memory will, notwithstanding all his faults, be ever fondly cherished by me with reverence and love. D'Anville! I would fain cherish the same sentiments for you: but your unkindness has rent a heart, which tenderness and attention might have made your own.

" My father married a young heiress, who fell in love with him; for he was handsome and good-natured.—My mother, I have been told, was mild and amiable, and might, had she lived long with him, have softened the roughness of his manners, as he was passionately fond of her. But she lived only to present my father with an infant daughter, when death snatched her from a world which she was formed to adorn. The grief of such a man as her husband, when deprived of a darling object, was, as may be imagined, loud and impetuous: but its very violence made it not of long duration. The love he bore the mother, now centred in the little girl she had left him: he was dotingly fond of his child, and was often heard to vow that he would never give his little Fanny a step-mother.

" This excessive fondness would, in all probability, have been extremely prejudicial to me, had I not most fortunately been as fondly beloved by a maternal uncle, whose tenderness was more rational than my father's, and made him, as I advanced

in years, suggest to my parent the necessity that a girl of my rank and expectations should receive a proper education.

"My father listened long, without being convinced of the propriety of my uncle's arguments. 'What! be deprived of the prattle of his girl, just as she came to the age of being entertaining to him? Impossible!'—but the fear of depriving me of my uncle's fortune at last extorted from him an unwilling consent to have me for a while separated from him. This one consideration of additional wealth was of far greater consequence, in his opinion, than the culture of my mind; and this, I can truly say, was the only period of my life, in which my large expectations in the least promoted my happiness, as it was my father's inducement to yield to the importunities of my uncle.—At his desire, I was placed under the care of a lady whom he had known for years—a woman of family, but of decayed fortune, who had been educated in the severe school of adversity.—She was well qualified in every respect for the arduous task of instructing a young female mind.

"The days I passed under her roof, were days of peace and happiness.—Oh! thou most respected and beloved of women! were it possible for thee to look down on the miseries that now press heavy on the head of thy beloved Fanny, how would thy pure and benignant spirit lament the fate of the hapless being who is toiling through a world of woe, from which thou art happily released! Vain, vain ejaculation! Thou canst not now sooth thy Seymour's sorrows; nor can she listen to thy mild precepts of resignation and fortitude. The world is now a desert to the heiress of an immense fortune: in a magnificent mansion, she pines in solitude and distress: she languishes for what millions cannot purchase—health and peace of mind.

"Three other young ladies, with myself, formed the number of Mrs. Freeman's pupils. We had the attendance of the first masters in the different branches of female education:—the formation of our minds was more peculiarly her care.

"The unbounded liberality of my father kept me supplied with a greater plenty of money than my companions. I was generous and open; but my donations were not always prudently bestowed. Mrs. Freeman, sensible of my father's and uncle's partial indulgence, and the large command I had of cash, encouraged my charitable propensity, and endeavoured to give me an idea of that refined kind of charity, of which few minds are capable. 'It is not merely giving money, my dear Miss Seymour,' said this excellent woman, 'which constitutes true benevolence. I wish my dear girl's *manner* of giving may create as much pleasure in the receiver, as the gift itself.—Money, injudiciously bestowed, is often productive of evil. The healthy industrious laborer, from a more liberal supply of cash than he has been used to, neglects his labor, grows lazy, careless, and perhaps drunken; and his family suffer all the inconveniences of poverty and distress resulting from the very benevolence which is intended for their relief.—Be careful then of these poor people, Miss Seymour: relieve their necessities; but do not set them above the station in which Providence has placed them.—In your journey through life, my dear young friend, you will find many deserving objects suffering all the horrors of poverty, aggravated by the poignancy of a delicate and

feeling mind, which feels reluctant to make known their misfortunes [illegible] whose misfortunes, when known, it is equally difficult to alleviate. Be it your study, my beloved Fanny, to unite delicacy, feeling, and address, when you meet with such a being as I have described: and you will then experience that pure heart-felt pleasure, which true benevolence, blessed with the power of making others happy, alone can know.'

" Beloved monitress! thy precepts have made an indelible impression on my memory; and I trust I have in some degree profited by thy advice. But of this amiable, this pious woman's care and attention I was deprived at the early age of sixteen. She died, and left many to lament her loss.

" My father now took me home, and, at that early age, gave me the management of his family—placed me at the head of his table; nor was I ever excused from this duty, as he declared that he never relished his dinner, unless I carved for him. In consequence of this, I was introduced to a variety of company, very few of whom I could receive any improvement from. Indeed, the promiscuous company, that visited at my father's, were by no means a proper society for a young and delicate female, known to be heiress of such large possessions. Young as I was, I was disgusted at their boisterous manners and coarse gallantry. The conversation of my uncle indeed was an infinite source of happiness to me; for he was all that was amiable, gentle, and good. But death, ever my implacable enemy—that has now, alas! torn from me all my dear connexions—snatched from me that uncle, whose loss I shall ever deplore.—His death put me in possession of his large fortune, which he left to me independent of my [illegible]

" The death of my uncle, so soon after that of my beloved governess, affected my spirits so sensibly, that my father, alarmed lest my health should suffer from the depression of my mind, used every effort to alleviate my dejection; and, as the most efficacious method he could think of, he requested the company of a young lady, to whom he knew I was very much attached. Time, and the converse of the friend I loved, imperceptibly restored to me my tranquillity.

" Among the many advantages I derived from my residence with Mrs. Freeman, was the intimate connexion I formed with one of her pupils.—Laura Byron was, in every sense of the word, perfectly amiable. Attached to each other by a similarity of sentiment, our friendshi[illegible]ened with our years. This attachment was the more perfect, as there was not the smallest degree of rivalry between us. I was not handsome; and—what was most extraordinary—I knew that I was not. The brilliancy of my eyes could not, with the shadow of propriety, be compared with the lustre of the diamond; nor did the lily and the rose conjoin to ornament my cheek. But my Laura was lovely to an eminent degree: nature had been profuse in forming her person charming; nor was her mind unworthy such a beauteous fabric:—in a word, to my partial eyes, she appeared the most accomplished creature I had ever beheld.—In her society I always was happy:—my father sometimes indulged me with permission to visit her; and I frequently had the pleasure of having her with me.

" Miss Byron had an only brother, whose exterior, like hers, was fashioned by the hand of harmony; but

his internal excellencies were far inferior to hers. Osmund B[illegible] a most elegant young man: but to sense, sensibility, or refinement, he was an utter stranger. Weak and illiterate, yet he was proud and imperious, and insufferably vain of his personal accomplishments. This gentleman, such as I have described him, did me the honor of paying me his addresses. The heiress of Mr. Seymour's extensive lands possessed more attractive beauties, than the sparkling eye, the vermilion lip, or dimpled cheek. Gold—precious, glittering, yellow gold—brought me lovers by hundreds.

" The attentions of this young man were extremely disagreeable to me. —It was evident that Mr. Byron encouraged the addresses of his son: —my Laura was silent:—she loved her brother; but she saw that I was ave[illegible] him.—As the brother of one so dear to me, I wished to esteem him: but to love him was impossible.—The common mode of repulse had no effect on Osmund: —he was encased in vanity and self-approbation. "Was it possible that I could view his fine person with indifference? that I could disregard *him*, who was caressed, flattered, and admired by too many of my undistinguishing sex?"—I was obliged to be more explicit in my behaviour: he could no longer mistake me: his pride took the alarm; and, to my inexpressible joy, he once more left me free from restraint.

" Miss Byron had often described to me, in terms of warm commendation, a cousin of hers, whom I never had been so fortunate as to meet with, when on my visits to her. At length, one day, on our return from a ride, Mr. Byron introduced me to his nephew, the representative of the elder branch of his family.

" The exterior of Sir Thomas Byron had nothing striking in it: but his very first address to me was in a style so far superior to [illegible] thing I had ever met with in my secluded way of life, that I believe my surprise was visible in my countenance. Perfectly polite and elegant in his manner, it was easy to perceive that he had received every advantage that could be derived from a finished education, and an habitual association with people of the first fashion. His conversation was agreeable and insinuating; and it cannot be doubted that Miss Byron and I were highly pleased with his company. Studiously attentive to give us pleasure, he hardly ever quitted us. He read to us, walked with us; and his conversation heightened the pleasure of every scene.

" Inexperienced as I was, I could soon perceive a difference in Sir Thomas's behaviour to me and his cousin. To her he was affectionately tender, and treated her as he would a beloved sister: to me he was more reserved, yet more attentive. He would fly to oblige me; he watched every turn of my countenance: his hand trembled, when he touched mine; and there was an expression in his eyes, which plainly told me that the affection he felt for me was different from that which he entertained for his cousin. My vanity was gratified: I thought I could but be happy with such a man as Sir Thomas Byron, and that my father would most certainly be pleased with the connexion. In short, with the sanguine impetuosity of youth, I indulged in the golden dream of imaginary happiness. My reflexions were pleasant: they gave animation to my features; and, for one of my serious turn, I was uncommonly cheerful

(*To be continued.*)

Female Generosity, *and Royal* Gratitude.

That justly celebrated monarch [illegible]y the Fourth of France, after the battle of Ivri, dreaded a revolt among his soldiers. This apprehended revolt was not the effect of disloyalty, but from an inability, on the part of the king, to pay his troops. His coffers had been drained: he was fearful of imposing new taxes; and he had no hope of preventing the dreaded misfortune, but in the generosity of individuals.

Alarmed with apprehension, yet convinced of his subjects' affection, the king consulted with a favorite courtier upon the interesting topic, and informed him he knew, from good authority, that the troops which were encamped at Marli would revolt, unless some method could be devised for prompt payment.—The nobleman, after a few moments' reflexion, informed his royal master, that he was intimately acquainted with an opulent merchant's wife, who possessed the power of assisting his majesty, and who, to evince her attachment to his person, would sacrifice her life.

"Let us, my friend, immediately visit that noble-minded woman," said the monarch; "and, as I should wish to hear her real sentiments of me, I will accompany you in disguise."—The plan was no sooner suggested, than put in practice. The amiable Madame Le Clerc happened to be alone: the nobleman, as her intimate acquaintance, was instantly admitted; and the king was introduced as an officer.—With that warmth of expression which proceeds from genuine feeling, Madame Le Clerc congratulated both gentlemen upon the success of the king's arms.—"Alas! madam!" replied the nobleman, "I fear we have little cause for congratulation. The king is unable to pay the troops [illegible] fought so nobly for him, and I have every reason to expect a revolt."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Madame Le Clerc. "Let not that, however, afflict our gracious sovereign; for he will doubtless find resources to prevent the dreaded evil. He fights in too glorious a cause, to be abandoned; and many of his subjects will follow my example."—So saying, she quitted the apartment, but returned in a few moments with several bags filled with gold.—"Present these, sir, to the king," said she, "in my name; and wish him all the success and happiness he so justly deserves.—This is all I can have the satisfaction of offering him at present: but assure him, that my life and fortune are at his disposal."

"Generous woman!" ex[illegible]ed the king—"Henry himself most gratefully acknowledges the extent of the obligation you have conferred; and be assured that the sense of it will be indelibly engraven upon his heart!—The moments, however," continued the king, "are too precious to be devoted even to expressions of gratitude: we will hasten to the camp, to distribute your bounty among the soldiers; and may Heaven bestow upon you an everlasting reward!"

The delighted monarch returned to his troops, and, with expressions of gratitude for their bravery, distributed Madame Le Clerc's bounty with his own hand; when, with one voice, "*Vive le Roi!*" resounded through the no longer disaffected camp.—From that period, success crowned all the monarch's undertakings; and, when the war happily terminated, the king invited Madame Le Clerc to the palace on a

day when the court was remarkably full.—Taking her affectionately by the hand, he presented her to the nobility, saying, "In this lady, you behold the sincerest of my friends: it is to her generosity I owe the preservation of my kingdom, and the fidelity of my soldiers." He then briefly related the proof of her munificence, and the effect it had produced upon his disaffected army: "and, without her assistance," added he, "it would have been impossible for me to have carried on the war."—He immediately gave orders for the re-imbursement of the sums with which she had so generously assisted him, and directed the payment to be accompanied with a patent of nobility.

When Madame Le Clerc heard this public testimony of her sovereign's gratitude, she could not restrain her emotion, and burst into tears.—"Sire!" said she, "could you know the gratification I have experienced, you would not think it necessary to offer me any reward."—The family of Le Clerc, however, was, from this disinterested act, ennobled; and many different branches of it have since eminently distinguished themselves.

Negro Gratitude.

The following remarkable instance of gratitude in a West Indian female occurred during the present war, and is related on the authority of a British officer, who was an eye-witness of the transaction.

Part of the fifty-first or fifty-second regiment, which had been some time in the West-Indies, were suddenly ordered to remove from the spot in which they had been stationed, to a different place; and every vessel that could be procured, was engaged to transport them within a limited space of time.—Just as a vessel had put off, a black woman was seen running with great eagerness toward the beach, and, by a variety of gestures, imploring the captain to wait.—Unaffected by her distress, and unmindful of her entreaties, he commanded his men to unfurl the sails; when an officer on board, affected by the violence of her sorrow, implored the captain to let her be received.—The captain still refuse[illegible]leging, as a reason, that the vessel was already too full of passengers. The poor black woman, however, had so far interested the humanity of a waterman, that he rowed her up to the ship, when, falling upon her knees, she informed the commander of it, that her husband was upon the island where the regiment was going. "Oh! massa! if you have one vife in your own country, do you not love, do you not long to see her?" said the attached creature, with hands uplifted, and eyes swimming in tears. "I vill lie upon de deck—I vill take up no room below. Oh! massa! in pity take me to my own dear Villiam."

The officer, whose sympathy had been excited merely by her gestures, informed the captain that he would readily relinquish his own birth, and made use of every argument in his power to induce the commander of the vessel to comply with the poor woman's request.—Whether humanity, or shame, operated in the supplicant's favor, is of little consequence: she was received on board the ship, and restored to the arms of her faithful William, who appeared to feel the force of conjugal affection equally with herself.

Scarcely had the regiment been landed, when officers and soldiers were indiscriminately attacked by the yellow fever; and so fatal was its effect, that not one third of the number survived to return.—The whole atmosphere seemed infected with contagion; and it was with the greatest difficulty that any attendants could be procured. The officer who had displayed so much humanity for the poor black woman, was among the number of those who were pronounced incurable.—The attached creature had accompanied her husband to his master's country residence, which was some miles distant from where the yellow fever raged: but, the moment she heard that her benefactor was suffering under it, she flew to the spot, overwhelmed with grief.—She found him in a room surrounded with the dead and dying; poison was in the very air that he breathed. With the assistance of the grateful William, who had accompanied her, she carried him, totally senseless, to a retired part of the sea-shore.—The sheets which she had taken with her, she bathed in the ocean, and wrapped them round the body of the invalid;

she then sent her husband to a neighbouring gentleman's plantation, requesting two or three quarts of vinegar. As soon as it arrived, she wetted the sheets with it, at the same time bound a napkin, soaked in it, round his throbbing head; then, leaving her patient to the care of William, she went in search of some herbs, whose medicinal virtues she was acquainted with.—Of these she made a decoction, of which the invalid was frequently made to drink; and, in the course of four-and-twenty hours, the fever abated, and he was blessed with returning sense.—The spot she had chosen, was under a large plantain tree, the boughs of which served as a canopy: the air from the sea revived him; the decoction sustained him; and, in less than a week, he was able to walk a short way.

The joy of this grateful creature was displayed in a thousand antics, which at once amused and gratified her patient's mind; and, from the moment when she first took him under her care, until he was perfectly recovered, she never quitted him for half an hour, except on the single occasion above mentioned, when she went in quest of the medicinal herbs.

This proof of gratitude in one of those beings, whom the illiberal-minded have asserted to be not endowed with the same susceptibility of feeling as their more enlightened fellow creatures, at once proves the error of the opinion, and does honor to the human heart.

MEDLEY.

Reading, a Passport to Matrimony.—Sir G. Mackenzie, in his "Travels in Iceland," informs us, that, in the ecclesiastic code of that island, "an article is extant, singular perhaps in its nature, but admirable in its design, which gives to the bishop, or even the inferior clergy, the power of preventing any marriage where the female is unable to read. This law, which provides such a powerful pledge for the instruction of the rising generation, is still occasionally acted upon, though, probably, not with so much strictness as in former times." —On this passage, a Reviewer remarks, that "an infliction of similar pains and penalties, on fair delinquents in orthography, would probably appall the ladies in some more favored countries of the world."

Saint Denis and his Head.—Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Horace Walpole, relates the following anecdote and *bon-mot*.—"The Cardinal de Polignac, a great talker, and teller of stories, and excessively credulous, was speaking of St. Denis, and related very seriously, that, when his head was cut off, he took it in his hand, and carried it, as all the world knew; but all the world did not know, that, having suffered martyrdom upon the hill of Montmartre, he carried his head from Montmartre to St. Denis, which is a distance of two leagues.—'*Ah! Monseigneur*,' said I to him, 'in such a situation, I should suppose *qu'il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte* *.'"

Saint Denis outdone.—An Irish gentleman, at Paris—hearing the above-mentioned exploit of St. Denis seriously related to an admiring audience—determined, as the best comment on it, to tell a better story—an extempore fiction of his own. Accordingly, he very gravely observed, that, although St. Denis had certainly performed a wondrous feat, he humbly conceived that St. Patrick had surpassed him: "for," said he, "our saint, having gone over to Scotland to preach the Gospel, was beheaded by the pagan Highlanders; when, behold! he *took his head in his mouth*, and swam back with it to Ireland."—The whole company unanimously acknowledged the superiority of St. Patrick.

Fallacy of Appearances.—The "Critical Review" for last April gives the two following remarkable instances of the danger of trusting to appearances.—"The sudden disappearance of the master of a family gave cause for the strong suspicion of murder; and one of the servants was so disordered in his imagination, probably by the bare apprehension of the suspicion falling on him, that he confessed himself the author of the deed, and not only himself, but implicated some of his own nearest relations as accomplices. This man, we believe, was

* "The only difficulty is in the first step"—a common phrase in France, nearly equivalent to our "Well begun is half done," or, "The ice once broken, the rest will follow of course."—Ridiculous, however, as the tale is, the *Badauds* [or *Cockneys*] of Paris actually believe it, and even assert, that the numerous stone crosses, along the road from Paris to St. Denis, were erected to mark the identical places where the headless Saint sat down to rest from the fatigue of walking with his burden. EDITOR.

hanged. Whether his death was attended by that of any other victims to his delusion, we do not remember; but, some years afterwards, the person, supposed to be murdered, returned, and accounted for his absence in some manner which did not at all implicate the unfortunate maniac who had suffered for it."—"Some years ago, a murder was committed somewhere about Islington, for which two men were tried, and the countenance of one of them positively sworn to by a person who was present at the time, and in company with the deceased. The men were convicted and executed; yet an *alibi* might have been clearly proved at the trial. At the time when the murder was committed, these men were actually engaged in a highway robbery somewhere else; but, as the *alibi* could not have been produced without an avowal of the robbery, the law was (rather unaccountably, we must confess) suffered to take its course upon the remaining evidence."

The Barometer——Bon-mot of Bishop Hough.—Mr. Wilmot, in his Life of that prelate, relates the following anecdote.—"A young clergyman, curate of a neighbouring parish, taking his leave of him one day, and making many aukward bows, ran against, and threw down on the floor, a favorite barometer of the bishop's. The young man was frightened, and extremely concerned; but the good old prelate, with all the complacency possible, said to him, 'Don't be uneasy, sir. I have observed this glass almost daily for upwards of seventy years; but I never saw it *so low* before."

Royal Recipe for a bad Appetite.—Mr. Britton, in his "Architectural Antiquities," quotes from Farmer the following anecdote of Henry VIII.—"Having disguised himself in the dress of one of his guards, he contrived to visit, about dinner-time, the abbey of Waltham, where he was immediately invited to the abbot's table. A surloin of beef being set before him, (which, by the bye, he is said at some after-time to have *knighted*) he played so good a part, that the abbot exclaimed, 'Well fare thy heart! and here's a cup of sack to the health of thy master. I would give a hundred pounds, could I feed so heartily as thou dost: but my poor queasy stomach can hardly digest the breast of a chicken.' The king pledged him, and, having dined heartily, thanked him for his good cheer, and departed. A few days after, the abbot was sent for to London, and lodged in the Tower, kept a close prisoner, and fed, for some time, upon bread and water. At length, a surloin of beef was placed before him, on which he fed as heartily as one of his own ploughmen. In the midst of his meal, the king burst into the room from a private closet, and demanded his hundred pounds, which the abbot gave with no small pleasure, and, on being released, returned to his monastery with a heart and pocket much lighter than when he left it a few days before."

Incorrigible Depravity.—Mr. Mann, in his "Present Picture of New South Wales," noticing the inveteracy of bad habits in some of the convicts, gives a remarkable instance of it in the case of one Samuels, who had been convicted of a burglary, and sentenced to be hanged. When he was suspended, the rope happened to break in the middle; and the criminal fell prostrate on the ground. On a second attempt, the cord unrove at the fastening; and, on a third, a new accident occurred, to delay his being launched into eternity. The provost-marshal, affected with the scene, represented the case to the governor, who was pleased to extend mercy to the prisoner: but neither terror nor clemency was sufficient to reclaim him: he persisted in his dishonest career, was removed to a distant part, and finally lost his life in an attempt to escape from the colony.

Men and Statues contrasted.—Madame du Deffand, above quoted, on mentioning, in her Correspondence, an interview with the Duke de Praslin, who had been one of the secretaries of state under the old French government, makes the following remark—"Men are not like statues. Statues appear less by being seen at a distance: men, by approximation, are reduced almost to nothing. Oh! what illusions are produced by place!"

Critical Anecdote.—The "Antijacobin Review" for last May relates, that, the conductor of a rival publication having applied to a gentleman to write an article on a particular subject for his Review, the person, to whom the application was made, desired to know *what* book it was intended that he should criticise: to which the reply was, "Never mind that:—do *you* write the article; and we will find a book to suit it."

POETRY.

The Poet's Invocation to Necessity.

By J. M. Lacey,

Author of the "Farm-House, and other Poems."

Necessity, we've long been told,
Is bright Invention's ancient mother;
And I am now so short of gold,
I almost think that I'm her brother.

Allowing this to be the case,
I may invoke my sister, surely;
And, as Invention is my niece,
Between them I shall write most purely.

Oh! then, Necessity! great dame!
Goddess of more than I can mention!
Show me the *golden* road to fame,
And send, as guide, my niece, Invention.

And, pr'ythee, store her little brain
With stanza, canzonet, and sonnet:—
These, on the road, may get us gain,
And feed us at the inns upon it.

For, sweet Necessity! 'tis fit
You should be told what I can tell ye;
Unless some novel thought I hit,
Nor beef nor pudding fills my belly.

Then deign, oh! pow'rful goddess! deign
To help thy brother on to glory;
And, if I ever reach that fane—
Fame's lofty temple, known in story—

I swear, by all the lines I've penn'd,
By all the ink, and all the paper,
That I have us'd to little end
By morning sun, or midnight taper,

That I will then erect a shrine
Sacred to thee, where ev'ry póet,
Who feels, like me, that thou'rt divine—
If he can get so high—may show it.

The Muses' pow'r to thee thus giv'n,
Thou *nine in one!* thou all-inviting!
They may fly back from earth to heav'n!—
For we, alas!—must live by writing!!!

The Prisoner's *Address to* Hope.

Oh! Hope! thou sweet eternal spring,
Where flowers bud, but never blow!
Where Zephyrs mount on painted wing,
And fancied streams of pleasure flow!

Thou friend to ev'ry guiltless breast,
Who still, in peril's trying hour,
Howe'er by various ills oppress'd,
Canst exercise thy soothing pow'r;

To cheer and raise the drooping heart,
Canst still thy magic spells employ;
And, bidding present griefs depart,
Picture sweet scenes of future joy;

Canst to a captive chief of Spain
Day-dreams of liberty restore—
Such as, upon my native plain,
I once enjoy'd, nor wish'd for more—

Such as—when Britain's patriot bands
Have vanquish'd Gallia's hostile crew,
And Peace has bless'd the smiling lands—
Iberia's sons again shall view!

Then frowns in vain the dungeon's gloom;
For there the charmer, Hope, appears—
Its dark recesses to illume,
And point to future, happier years;

To whisper, on some blessed day
Again shall liberty be mine,
When I shall feel the sun's warm ray,
When I shall see all nature shine!

Then seems renew'd each former joy—
Love, friendship, fortune, all my own!
Bright scenes of bliss my mind employ;
And fancy mounts her airy throne!

What, if the baseless fabric fall,
And yield to real mis'ry's pow'r?—
The lovely vision to recall,
Shall cheer the captive's lonely hour.

Oh! then, with me for ever dwell,
Soul-soothing charmer! still remain
Within the pris'ner's darksome cell;
And lighten still his galling chain.

Come! nor the wretches call refuse:—
Though still thy brightest joys deceive—
Yet paint new scenes in rainbow hues;
And I will bless thee, and believe!

Marina.

Sonnet, written on my Music-Book.

By J. M. L.

Oh! book of harmony, I write on thee;
For on thy surface fair my paper lies.
Thy sweet contents have long been dear to me;
For music, next to poesy, I prize.

Within, thy pages offer, to the ear
Where woe has pour'd her dull discordant note,
Some soothing air, to lull the throb of fear,
That seems on Echo's soft'ning wings to float:

While ev'ry passion that our nature knows
  Its correspondent melody may find,
From war's loud notes, to love's diviner close,
  To raise, to dignify, to soothe the mind!
Still, then, oh! book of harmony! to me,
Thy melodies a solace sweet shall be!

The early FLOWER.
By J. M. L.

AN early flow'r had rear'd its head,
And flourish'd in its native bed,
  By Sol's indulgent ray:
But, ah! too early thus it rose:
Invested soon by winter's snows,
  It sunk to swift decay.

So Ann was fair as summer's morn:
She ne'er had felt woe's piercing thorn,
  Or known misfortune's pow'r—
Till anguish, sorrow, grief, at last,
Pour'd round her form their bitter blast:—
  She perish'd like the flow'r!

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for July.*
MIRTH *and* LOVE.—*By* J. M. L.

SORROW is the bane of *man:*
  Oft in chains she binds him.
Mirth can fill with joy his *span;*
  But she seldom finds him.

Sorrow sinks his soul in *care:*
  Who is he do'n't dread her?
Mirth soon draws him from *despair:*
  Who then would not wed her?

Mirth! with thee then let me *trace*
  Ev'ry peaceful pleasure:
But let Love still find a *place,*
  'Midst my bosom's treasure.

If of blisses I would *tell,*
  Mirth may give me many:
But is Love's diviner *spell*
  Equall'd yet by any?

No! 'tis not! Then be their *fate*
  Close conjoin'd together:
Mirth and Love, in wedded *state,*
  May defy all weather.

Mirth, when vowing to *obey,*
  Made her vow sincerely.
Souls, thus mingled, cannot *stray:*—
  Such love long and dearly.

Mirth can never grow *profound;*
  And, should Love turn preacher,
Mirth will deem it holy *ground,*
  Proud of such a teacher.

Happiness must be their *child,*
  Gay as Mirth, and smiling;
And, like Love, with accents *mild*
  Ev'ry pang beguiling!

New BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed.*

Fane, strain; Song, throng; Theme, supreme; Lord, ador'd; Soul, control; Sky, cry; Praise, raise; Voice, rejoice.

The BELVEDERE APOLLO*.

⁎ *Pleased, as our fair Readers must have been, with the successful prize poem on that admired master-piece of art, they cannot be displeased with the following elegant, though unsuccessful, production on the same subject, which want of room alone prevented us from giving, with the former, in our last Number.—They will recollect that the beautiful statue in question represents the god in the character of a hunter, and in the act of watching the flight of his arrow, just discharged at the serpent Python.—From its original station at Elis in Peloponnesus (now called Belvedere—whence its designation) it was formerly removed by the Romans to the Vatican, and thence latterly transferred by the French to Paris, where it now graces Bonaparte's magnificent collection.*

BEHOLD, where, form'd by Phidias' plastic hands,
Bright with each dawning grace, Apollo [stands!
His eyes, irradiate with celestial light,
Trace the unerring arrow's airy flight:
From his high brow a length of hair unfurls,
And down his shoulders rolls in wavy [curls:
A gem sustains the undulating vest,
That seems to flutter o'er his heaving breast:
Clasp'd on his feet, the winged sandals [shine:
The rest unclad reveals the form divine.
Such fancy paints him, as, with peerless mien,
Light bounds exulting on the level green
The Bowyer God, and pants to join again
The sylvan bands on soft Arcadia's plain,
Where, in the chase, or o'er tall Cynthus' brow,
His fate-wing'd shafts transfix the [bounding roe.
A mark'd pre-eminence the godhead proves;
And gazing Dryads languish as he moves.
  Once in fair Greece, secure from dread alarms,
That rous'd her warlike sons to impious [arms,
Thou saw'st, Apollo! wide o'er Elis' plain,
Spread the calm glories of her blood- [less reign.

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* In the poem on this subject, in our last Number, our fair Readers are requested to correct a typographic error—*dreadful* for *deathful*—and to read the first distich thus—

Heard ye the arrow hurtle in the sky?
Heard ye the dragon monster's *deathful* cry?"

'Twas thine to see the Sun of Science rise [skies :
From Cecrops' fanes and brighten Roman
'Twas thine to see the phalanx' close array
Decide the fortune of the doubtful day ;
Thine to lament thy country's waning fates, [hundred states,
And view her trembling through her
When proud Rome's legions, with resistless sway, [of day;
Stretch'd their vast empire to the spring
Thine to behold her patriot heroes slain,
And daughters captive cross th' Ionian main !
At length from Elis to the Latian shore
The lords of earth thy hallow'd statue bore. [brow,
There, from the Vatican's commanding
Thou saw'st the crimson'd flag of Conquest flow, [plain,
Till—as a flood, that, sweeping o'er the
Spoils the long labors of the anxious swain— [dome,
The Goths relentless ras'd each stately
Sternly triumphant o'er the wreck of Rome— [tur'd form,
Defac'd with barb'rous joy the sculp-
And Zeuxis' canvas, e'en like Nature warm— [bust,
Laid low the Parian porch, the breathing
And imag'd Cæsars hurl'd to native dust.
And now, alas ! in stern Napoleon's days, [cays ;
Thou see'st a realm where ev'ry art de-
For Genius shrinks from the uncultur'd plain,
Where horrid war and desolation reign !

BERTRAM'S FATHER.

A Spanish Ballad.

(*From Mr.* RODD'S "*History of Charles the Great, and Orlando.*")

SLOWLY through the field of battle *,
Through the field where heroes bled,
Goes th' old man : his arms are weary,
Turning of the num'rous dead.

O'er and o'er he view'd the Frenchmen :
Bertram still he could not spy :
Sev'n times cast they lots, to seek him,
Who should with the task comply.

Fortune shows in three her malice ;
And on four she sets a spell :
All the seven on his father,
On his luckless father, fell.

Now he gives his horse the bridle,
And pursues his lonely way :
On the road by night he travels,
Seeks him on the heath by day.

On a lofty turret watching,
He at length a Moor espy'd,
And in Arabic address'd him—
Thus the aged warrior cry'd—

" Saw you, Moor, a noble capt[ain],
One that's clad in arm[our bri]ght ?
Gold I'll give yo[u fo]r his ransom,
If a pris'ner seis'd in fight.

" But, if slain, his body give me,
In the hallow'd ground to rest :
What, without the soul, the body ?
Poor the favor I request !"

" Friend, describe the knight you're seeking,
Him you fear some ill betides."—
" White the color of his armour :
On a sorrel steed he rides.

" In the cheek he once was wounded,
Where the mark is still display'd ;
When a little boy, through anger,
By a rav'ning goss-hawk made."

" In yon meadow, cold and lifeless,
Lies the knight you wish to greet :
In a sand-pit lies his body ;
In the water lie his feet."

* The battle of Roncesvalles.

Sonnet to NIGHT.

(*From* "*Ballad Romances,*" *&c. by Miss* ANNA MARIA PORTER.)

Now gleam the clouded host of stars ! and now [light
The vestal Dian, with her lamp of
Half-veil'd in mists, above the mountain's brow [gilds the night.
Glides through the shadowy sky, and
Here, while the desert moor, the water still, [dim and far,
In deepest gloom are stretch'd, and,
The hamlet rests in sleep, what fancies fill [mar !
This lonely heart, and holier musings
For haply now, amid yon specious scene, [ing youth destroys ;
Death's noiseless scythe some bloom-
Or Sorrow o'er wan embers weeps past joys ; [guish keen ;
Or houseless Hunger raves with an-
Or Murder o'er some corpse, with bloody hands, [dous stands !
Heark'ning the last dread cry, tremen-

MARLBOROUGH *and* WELLINGTON ;

or the Battle of SALAMANCA.

BARDS tell us, in the realms below
Great chiefs with martial ardor glow ;
Since all departed spirits love
That which distinguish'd them above :
Thus Britain still is Marlb'rough's care,

As when he breath'd the vital air:
For, when through either hostile van
The [illegible]read career of death began,
The [illegible]ero's shade was seen to glide,
Whe[illegible] Tormes roll'd his blood-stain'd tide;
And, w[illegible] the glorious day was won,
These [illegible] were wafted on the
breeze, [illegible] [freeze—
That made proud Gaul with honor
"I live again in Wellington!"

On Lord WELLINGTON's *being honored with the Spanish Order of the* GOLDEN FLEECE.

To Wellington, whose triumphs never
cease, [Golden Fleece.
Spain gives, with grateful praise, the
Of poor John Bull the sad reverse is
told: [his gold!
For Spain has help'd to fleece him of

A COQUETTE.

CLARINDA's lovely face, each hour,
Fresh willing captives drew:
Each butterfly, that pass'd the flow'r,
Would sip it, as he flew.

With beauty's smiles she won the cold:
Upon the fond she'd frown:
With pretty tales she pleas'd the old;—
And thus the girl went down.

Clarinda still doth single dwell;
And thus she'll dwell for life;
For who would ever have a girl
Who's ev'ry body's wife?

The RETORT COURTEOUS.

A YOUTH, whose face and graceful air
Belied his silly mind,
Scarce bearded yet, would court the fair,
And found Clarinda kind.

But soon the fair, astonish'd, found,
The thing that caught her eye,
When she survey'd it round and round,
Was but a butterfly.

Indignant at the gaudy thing,
She left him in a pet;
And he, to vent his rankling spleen,
Proclaim'd her a coquette.

The EYE *preserved.*
Imitation from J. B. ROUSSEAU.

A MEDDLER, running to suppress a riot,
Receiv'd a blow that laid him quiet;
For at his eye
A rogue let fly
The heavy thwack that floor'd him.
He made grimaces,
And hideous faces;
When a doctor, rushing from the mob,
And very willing to obtain a job,
With gentle stimulants restor'd him.
"Ah, doctor!" cried the suff'rer, with a
sigh,
As soon as he could stand—
"Ah, doctor! tell me, shall I lose my
eye?"— [drugs,
"Certainly not," replied the man of
With many solemn bows and shrugs:—
"I have it in my hand."

On a grave young Lady, who was seen to laugh in Church.

YOU ask me, how Chloe, just now in her
prime, [of time,
Throws off the most cumbersome burden
Two points she pursues, and in equal
proportion— [devotion;
Much spent in diversion, and some in
And she always takes care they shall
both be inverted— [verted.
At diversion devout, at devotion di-

On Seeing a FLY *settled on the* LIP *of a young Lady.*

EXTRACT each sweet, thou wicked fly,
Which thou about the room may'st spy;
But shun my Anna's lip:
For, oh! the sweets, that flourish there,
Are far too fragrant, far too rare,
For man himself to sip.

Brixton. R. P—TT.

The CELIBATARIANS.

WHILE Harry one day was abusing the
sex, [to vex,
As things that in courtship but studied
And in marriage but sought to enthrall,
"Never mind him," says Kate—"'tis
a family whim:—
His father agreed so exactly with him,
That he never would marry at all!"

The new TAX *upon* LEATHER.

JOHN Bull us'd Frenchmen to abuse,
Because they walk'd in wooden shoes:
But John must now those words recall;
For John will have no shoes at all.

Le VOL *de* PROMÉTHÉE.

CE feu divin, qu' aux cieux déroba Pro-
méthée,
Cette étincelle si vantée,
Chacun le sait, ne fut que la raison.
Quelquefois elle nous éclaire,
Mais trop souvent nous laisse faire
Bien des choses hors de saison!—
"Bien volé ne profite guère."

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

London Fashionable FULL DRESS.

A demi-vest of sarsenet, the color of ripe corn, irradiated, from the centre of the waist, with rays of star-points, connected with small broaches of pearl, or silver studs—trimmed round the bottom with broad rich lace; the epaulettes of the vest having short sleeves of the same lace.—The under dress is of white lustring, and the mantle or shawl of purple crape, spotted with large silver spangles, or stars.—These detached draperies are much admired, as contributing greatly to elegance of form, and furnishing the occasion of graceful positions for the arms.—The necklace is of pearls, and double, with intermediate medallions.—The hair is dressed in irregular curls round the face, with a coronet *à la Junon*, of plate gold, burnished, and set with silver stars. The back of the hair, except two or three small ringlets, is drawn up into a gold net.—The shoes and gloves are of white kid—and the bracelets to match the necklace.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, August* 22] Advices from Russia state that a series of actions between the centre and the two wings of the Russian army, and different divisions of the enemy, had taken place, which continued, with little intermission, from the 21st to the 31st of July, inclusive. The result is alleged to be, that the troops of Alexander were every-where victorious, and that the French, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, sustained the loss of 22,000 men. The slaughter was terrible; the Russians giving no quarter.

[22] The new levy of the Russians is going on with extraordinary success; and the sister of the Emperor Alexander has made the offer of raising 80,000 men from her own estates.

[22] *New York, July* 6.—The bill, imposing an additional duty of 100 per cent. on all foreign imported goods, has become a law.

[22] Advices from the Rio de la Plata, of June 7, announce the restoration of tranquillity between the Portuguese and Spanish colonies.

[24] It is asserted by intelligent officers, who were in the battle of Salamanca, gained by Lord Wellington on the *twenty second* * of July, and who accompanied the allied army to the 31st, that the loss of the French, up to that day, was 22,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

[25] July 29, a French party rendered themselves masters of the fort and convent of Mont Serrat. They blew up the fort, and part of the convent.

[31] The immense quantity of combustible matter which has been discharged from the Soufrier Mountain, (says a St. Vincent's Journal) is equal to the bulk of the whole island.

[31] Letters, by the Gottenburg mails, state that a conspiracy had been entered into at Petersburg, to dethrone and assassinate the emperor, and to place the crown on the head of the empress mother; but that this nefarious design has been concealed, as much as possible, by the government.

[31] At Dominica, Governor Barnes prematurely dissolved two houses of assembly—the one for a refusal to vote supplies, the other for having declined to meet in October last, during a period of general alarm.

[31] The legislature of Tortola island have voted to Governor Elliott £4000 a year, which is 1000 more than was granted to any of his predecessors.

[*September* 1] A definitive treaty of alliance has been concluded between this country and Persia by Sir Gore Ousely. The terms of the treaty are represented as highly favorable to British interests, and well calculated to unite the two countries in the bonds of a lasting and advantageous connexion.

[2] The Swedish diet, at Orebro, closed its sittings on the 18th of August.

[5] August 12, Lord Wellington's army, after having defeated a French force near Madrid, took possession of that city, from which Joseph Bonaparté had precipitately fled toward Toledo, leaving behind him a garrison in the Retiro [the royal garden or park] which

* *Not the twentieth*, as stated, by oversight, in our last Number.

the French had previously fortified. That garrison, consisting of 2506 men, surrendered by capitulation on the 14th; and th[illegible] allies found in the place one hundre[illegible] and eighty-nine pieces of brass ordnan[illegible] nine hundred barrels of pow[illegible], twen[illegible]thousand stand of arms, an[illegible]onsider[illegible] of clothing, provisi[illegible], and ammu[illegible].

[5] *Vienna, Aug.* 11.—To defray the expenses of the necessary armaments, His Majesty has ordered a contribution of a florin per head upon all the population of the German provinces.

[5] *Vienna, Aug.* 19.—They write from Turkey, that Czerny Georges, general in chief, had arrived at Belgrade, and declared to the senate of the Servian nation, that it could no longer rely upon the Russians, who had failed in all the engagements which they had contracted with that unhappy country. He, nevertheless, added, that General Orulk had proposed the continuation of the support of Russia, only on condition of their submitting to that power, delivering up their fortresses, and placing their troops at the disposal of the Emperor Alexander. The propositions were rejected.

[7] July 16, the powder-magazine of the fortress of Lerida blew up; and the French garrison, consisting of 600 men, perished.

[7] To the chief command of the Portuguese army, with which General Beresford was already invested, the Prince Regent of Portugal has lately superadded an authority over every branch of the government immediately connected with the military service.

[7] In Sicily, an army of 20,000 natives is organising under British officers.

[8] Advices from India announce the death of Holkar, long the active and powerful enemy to our Oriental establishment.

[9] August 17, the French army, commanded by Bonaparté in person, attacked the town of Smolensko, in which the Russians had fortified themselves. After a sanguinary conflict of ten hours, the Russians precipitately fled by night, leaving behind them all their artillery, with immense quantities of provisions and ammunition—and [illegible]ving set fire to the town, which bur[illegible]d for thirty-six hours, and would have been entirely consumed, but for the exertions of the French.—The loss of the Russians on this occasion (as stated by the French) was 4700 killed, among whom were five generals—from 7 to 8000 wounded—and 2000 prisoners.—On the 18th, the French gained a new advantage over the Russians at Polotsk—and, on the 19th, another in the battle of Valentina.

[10] The Spanish Constitution was published in Madrid, on the 13th of August.

[10] August 18, the French garrison in Astorga, of 1200 men, surrendered to the allies.

[11] July 27, a serious disturbance took place at Baltimore, in Maryland.—A number of Antifederalists assembled, with apparently hostile intentions, before the house where the "*Federal Republican*" paper was published. A party of four or five and twenty Federalists within fired upon them, killed one man upon the spot, and wounded some others. The Antifederalists were now preparing to batter the house with a field-piece, when they were prevented by the magistracy and a body of troops, to whom the party within surrendered, and were conducted to prison.—The next day, the troops, being ordered out to protect the prison, and preserve the peace, refused to obey.—At night, a mob forced the jail, seised the prisoners, severely beat them, and left some of them for dead. One did lose his life: another was rolled in tar and feathers, and had the feathers set in a blaze round him.—The Federalists are those who incline more to a monarchical than to a popular government, and favor British connexion: the Antifederalists profess republican principles, and are accused by their adversaries of wishing to separate the United States into two or more distinct governments.

[11] Advices from Brasil announce the death of the Prince Don Pedro, on the 4th of June last. He had married the Prince Regent's daughter; and his issue will succeed to the throne of Portugal.

[11] July 11, the American General Hull, with 2000 men, invaded Canada, and took possession of Sandwich, two miles below Detroit, without bloodshed.

[11] July 16, a rencontre took place, near Malden in Canada, between about 300 of the American invaders, and about 200 British regulars and Indians. The Americans are stated to have put their opponents to flight, with the loss of two men wounded.

[11] In the [illegible]ht of Aug. 24, and the morning of the 25th, the besieging French abandoned their positions before Cadiz, and hastily retreated, leaving behind them a very numerous artillery, and a large quantity of stores and powder.

[11] *Lisbon, Aug.* 25.—General Beresford has caused the Lieutenant Governor of Almeida to be tried; and he was shot two days ago.

[12] In Spanish America, the number of insurgents is said to have greatly increased, and, in Mexico alone, to amount at present to 70,000 men. Three hundred officers are said to have been sent to them from the United States, to assist and direct their exertions.—The contest is stated to have already cost near 100,000 lives, and to have reduced the annual produce of Mexico from twenty-five to about five millions of dollars.

[12] August 11, the French evacuated Bilboa.

[14] The Sicilian parliament, in their second sitting, July 20, passed fourteen resolutions, totally altering the constitution of the government. Among other salutary regulations, they abolish the feudal law, and the privileges of the barons over their vassals—render ministers responsible to parliament—decree that no Sicilian can be judged or condemned, except by laws to be recognised by parliament—and propose that a modification of the British constitution be recommended in the present session.

[14] The harvest in Sicily has been so abundant, that the price of wheat is reduced to half its former value. The like is the case in all the European ports of the Mediterranean. At Malta it has been lowered from 55 to 32 scudi.

[15] July 25, the American minister, and all other Americans resident in Algiers, quitted the regency, by order of the Dey, who had declared himself not satisfied with a cargo of naval and military stores, sent to him from the United States, pursuant to treaty.—A squadron of nineteen cruisers, of different sizes, had sailed from Algiers on the 13th.

[15] In Westphalia, by an order of Aug. 1st, every person, circulating any other than official intelligence respecting the armies in the North, is liable to imprisonment, until he state his authority.

[16] *Badajoz, Aug.* 24.—Valencia has surrendered to the expedi[illegible]on from Majorca.

[16] All the guerillas in th[illegible]neighbourhood of Madrid have pl[illegible]d themselves under the comma[illegible]ord Wellington.

[16] *L[illegible], Sept.* [illegible]—We have heard to-day that the American privateers are taking all the Americans with licences on board, from this country. They are good prizes by a late law of Congress, forbidding trade with Great Britain and her dependencies with licences, on pain of fine and imprisonment.

[18] March 11, a fire in the Mission-House at Serampore destroyed 2000 reams of paper, and fontes of type in fourteen languages besides English.—The damage is estimated at about £12,000.

[18] The Landgrave of Hesse, by an act of July 31, has declared his accession to the Polish confederation.

[18] Above 500 persons are stated to have perished during the night in which the suburbs of Riga were set on fire.—*See our last No. Aug.* [14].

[21] Aug. 28, at Abo, in Finland, the Emperor Alexander, and Bernadotte, the Crown Prince of Sweden, had an interview, and a conference of nearly four hours, from which all their attendants were excluded.

[22] Advices from Quebec state that the American general Hull had made four attacks on Fort Malden in Canada, but was, each time, repulsed with loss.—An armistice was agreed on, till the effect of the repeal of the Orders in Council should be known.

[23] Sir Robert Wilson, who was present at the battles of Smolensko and Valentina, states, that, in the former, the French lost above 12,000 men—the Russians, 6000 and two generals—and, in the latter, each army about 3000.

[24] August 24, the French hastily evacuated Toledo.

[24] Aug. 27, a body of the allies, under Gen. La Cruz and Col. Skerrett, took the city of Seville.

[25] Sept. 9, Lord Wellington, having surprised and routed a French force near Valladolid, took possession of that city.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—The bulletin of September 5 says—"His Majesty has continued nearly in the same state since the time of the last monthly report."—Nothing further has transpired, to the present date, September 28.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *September* 3, twenty pence—*Septemb.* 10th, 17th, and 24th, the same.

[*London, August* 24] Meetings of proprietors of manors have been held at several places in Kent, and other coun-

ties, declaring, that, on account of the backwardness of the harvest in particular districts, it will be expedient to postpone the first day of shooting from the 1st until the 14th of September.

[25] August 18, popular commotions and outrages took place at Leeds, on account of the dearness of corn.

[26] Yesterday, at Union-Hall, a carman was convicted in the penalty of 40s. and costs, for having forcibly passed through a turnpike-gate, without paying.

[27] On Monday, T. Lomas was executed at Chester for the murder of his master. [*See our last No. Aug.* 26]—From a conversation between him and his mistress previous to his execution, it appears that she goaded him on to the bloody deed, and held the candle while he committed it.

[28] Eight ships, just arrived at Hull from the whale-fishery at Davis's Straits, have taken ninety-three whales, producing 3127 butts of oil or blubber.

[31] At Folkstone, Aug 19, after the tide had ebbed for three hours, it suddenly rose three feet, and as suddenly ebbed again; and this was repeated three times in less than a quarter of an hour.—A similar occurrence took place at Portsmouth and Plymouth about the time of the great earthquake at Lisbon.

[31] Ninety thousand stand of arms have been completed at the Tower within the last fortnight; 10,000 of which have been sent to Port Mahon, and 10,000 to Corunna.

[*September* 1] Several hundred hogsheads of pilchards were taken in Mount's Bay in the early part of the week. A great quantity of hake, pollock, conger, &c. have been taken on the coast this week. Tuesday, one boat at Newlyn had 600 hakes on board, which were sold for 9s. 9d. a burn, of 21 fish. Wednesday, the seans at Mevagissey had inclosed 1000 hogsheads of pilchards.

[1] At Pinney, near Lyme, as a cage of young goldfinches lately stood near an open window, a sparrow-hawk darted so violently against it, that he fell to the floor, and was taken by a person present.

[2] At Wells, on the 6th ult. at a numerous meeting of the nobility, gentry, and clergy of Somerset, a county association was instituted for the education of poor children in the principles of the established church; and a liberal subscription was entered into for that purpose.

[2] The Catholic Aggregate Meetings continue to be held successively throughout the several counties of Ireland, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament. The form of petition, uniformly adopted, is, word for word, the same with the general petition of the Dissenters of England, praying for a repeal of all religious disabilities.

[2] On an examination at Bow-street office yesterday, a boy of thirteen acknowledged, that, from his infancy, he had been trained to house-breaking, by his father, who, on a recent occasion, bored a hole in a cellar-door, through which he put the boy, who then went up stairs, and picked the lock of the hall-door, for his father's admission.

[3] A distribution of books of devotion is immediately to take place in the Royal Navy, in the following proportions, viz. one copy of the New Testament, two Common-Prayer Books, and two Psalters, for a mess of eight men, and one Bible to every two messes.

[3] On Monday, about 9 in the evening, as a gentleman, accompanied by a boy, was sailing in his pleasure-boat near Chelsea Reach, he was suddenly boarded by three armed ruffians, who jumped in from a cutter, and robbed him.

[3] At the Lancaster assises, a verdict was given against the Hundred of Salford, with £7000 damages, for the destruction of a manufactory by the mob a short time since.

[4] At the same assises, Aug. 27, a man, who, having been married in England, and divorced in Scotland, had contracted a second marriage during the life of his former wife, was (under the direction of the judge, Baron Wood) found *Guilty* of bigamy.—But the case is reserved for the consideration of the twelve judges.

[4] The subscription, for the erection of Mr. Pitt's statue in the Senate-house at Cambridge, has exceeded six thousand pounds, of which three have been paid to the statuary, Mr. Nollekens; and the remainder, after the payment of a few incidental expenses, is devoted to the foundation of a scholarship, to be called the Pitt scholarship.

[4] The Baltic fleet, of near 300 sail, (of which 130 are for London) is arrived in safety, and is said to have about 10,000 quarters of wheat on board.

[4] There was a very hot press on Tuesday and yesterday on the Thames; and press-warrants were backed yesterday in the city by the Lord Mayor.

[4] The Penny-a-week Association of ladies of Glasgow have remitted ninety pounds to Mr. Fuller, of Kettering, to assist the Oriental translation of the Scriptures.

[5] *Aberdeen, Aug.* 29.—In the beginning of this week, an immense shoal of herrings appeared on the coast near Peterhead; and, on Tuesday and Wednesday, a vast number of them was taken at that place, not less than from 800 to 1000 barrels for salting, besides large quantities taken by the numerous people who lined the shore, and readily caught more than they could find means of conveying to their houses. In consequence of such an extraordinary supply, fresh herrings were sold at one penny per dozen in the market. Some large fish, which had got among the herrings, were seen carried along on the surface of the water, as if lying on a solid body.—Numerous whales, of the species called Finners, followed the shoal. Some of these are represented as of prodigious size, apparently about sixty feet in length.

[5] The epitaph on the famous Daniel Lambert, in Martin's burial-ground, at Stamford, states that he measured three feet one inch round the leg, nine feet four inches round the body, and weighed fifty-two stone, eleven pounds—at fourteen pounds to the stone.—He died at the age of thirty-nine, June 21, 1809.

[7] Last week, near Norwich, two persons lost their lives by eating a quantity of a poisonous fungus, called toadskep, which they had mistaken for mushrooms.

[7] Mr. Wm. Howden, of Boston, has invented a machine, by which the produce of an acre of corn is completely thrashed and the straw raked off, in forty minutes.

[7] Janet Skinner, the fasting woman at Berwick, died in the work-house there on Tuesday se'nnight. [*See our Magazine for last month, page* 342.]—For some days previous to her death, she was prevailed upon to take some victuals. Her first attempt was in sucking a lemon; and afterwards she took what nourishment was offered to her.

[8] Last Sunday, at West Ham, a Mr. Dodd—enraged at some jocularities which passed, at dinner, between a young man and Mrs. Dodd—plunged his knife into her heart, and caused instant death.

[8] The Luddites are again active in the neighbourhood of Halifax, and successful in seising arms.

[8] The accounts from every part of the kingdom speak of the luxuriance of the harvest; and in many places it is completely housed—the effect of which has been felt at Sherborne, by a reduction of 4*d*. in the [illegible]oaf, this week; and a similar depression is expected in the beginning of the ensuing week.

[11] A riot took place at Nottingham, on the 7th, in consequence of a baker's having raised his flour two pence a stone. A mob broke his windows, and compelled him to lower the price sixpence. They treated almost every baker and flour-seller in the same manner.—Next day, carts loaded with potatoes were stopped in the streets, and the potatoes sold at reduced prices.—The bread, served out to the soldiers, was found deficient in weight; and many of them were seen active in the mob.

[12] Monday se'nnight, was laid the foundation-stone of a new school at Castle Bytham in Lincolnshire, for the education of a number of children of that and the neighbouring parishes for-ever. It is to be built at the expense of the parishioners, who have also handsomely endowed it. The site of the building, with the addition of a play-ground, is the gift of Lord Gwydir, lord of the manor.

[14] Lately, a man, fishing in the Humber near Hull, having put his hand into the water, was stung under the thumb-nail by some venomous fish. The wound, being for some time disregarded, produced an inflammation in the hand and arm, which, in spite of copious bleeding and other surgical aid, was followed by a rapid mortification and death.

[14] During the last week, 50,000 stand of arms were shipped from the Tower for the Baltic, in great haste.

[14] At several of the provincial fairs, a gang of jockeys have been very successful in disposing of horses, fed with pepper and other stimulating [illegible]ices, as of superior quality, at near ten [illegible]. In four instances, the animals died in the course of a few weeks after the sale.

[14] The present price of silver is 6*s*. 8*d*. the ounce—of gold, £5. 10*s*. equal to about £1. 9*s*. 6*d*. for the guinea.

[14] The Perthshire Florist and Vegetable Society lately exhibited, over the door of the Society-room, a thistle twelve feet high, thirty feet in circumference at its greatest horizontal expansion, and covered with a profusion of blossom.

[14] Ann Moore, of Tetbury, in Staf-

fordshire, who has lived upwards of five years without food of any kind, is still alive, and in all appearance in as good health as she has been for three years past. She is about 60 years old.

[14] The Princess of Wales, as ranger of Greenwich Park, has given her lodge there, for the use of the Naval Asylum.

[15] A few days since, such a shoal of that most dainty fish, the red mullet, drove from the sea up the river Exe to Topsham, that they were sold at 2s. per dozen, and under. It is now several years since a shoal of the kind came up the Exe. It has been conjectured that they are pursued from the ocean by the porpoises, as a vast body of the latter have been seen playing in Exmouth harbour; and, one morning last week, some of them, of a monstrous size, approached so near the bathing-machines, as to cause no little alarm to the bathers.

[15] A curious tithe-cause was yesterday decided at Guildhall.—An inhabitant of St Gregory's parish had refused to pay the tithes, because the clergyman was unable to articulate the words of the service intelligibly, and therefore, in the recusant's opinion, unqualified for his functions. The sitting alderman, however, (Mr. J. J. Smith) declared that he did not feel himself authorised to decide on the clergyman's qualifications—a question which belonged to another tribunal—but that, as the claim to tithe was founded in law, he was bound to enforce the payment.

[15] Coin becomes every day more scarce. Agents, with great powers of drawing on London bankers, have opened accounts with country bankers, for the purpose of obtaining their notes. With these they buy up guineas and silver; which they may lawfully do; and thus the specie is drained from every part of the kingdom.

[15] *Bull-baiting, and Deodand.*—Aug. 31, at a bull-bait at Oldbury Wake, the [illegible] animal gored a man, who died of his wounds on Tuesday last. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "accidental death," but imposed on the owners of the bull a deodand of £12, the full value of the beast.

[16] On Friday, Mr. Mansbridge, tax-collector of St. George's parish, was, at the suit of the parishioners, committed to Newgate from Marlborough-street office, for a default in his payments, of above £2700.

[16] Some time ago, a pond, the property of Matthew Talbot, Esq. of Castle Talbot, was drained; when upwards of 30,000 brace of tench were caught, all produced by a few hundreds, placed there some years back.

[17] *Small-Pox.*—The bills of mortality, for the first six months of the present year, furnish a list of three hundred victims to the small-pox in the metropolis alone; and one hundred and forty-eight died last month of that disease. All these might have been saved to the community, had their parents allowed them to partake of the vaccine preventive.

[18] September 13, an alarming insurrection of the prisoners of war took place in Dartmoor *dépôt.*—The bake-house, where their bread had been usually baked, having been recently burned down, they were supplied with a daily allowance of a pound and half of biscuit per man, which was afterward reduced to a pound. Enraged at this reduction, the prisoners, about 7500 in number, became ungovernable, broke the enormous bars of the principal gate, and, being unable to make their exit that way, had in contemplation to set fire to the prison, and effect their escape. Soon, however, they were surrounded by troops, and menaced by three pieces of artillery planted at the gate; and thus order was restored.

[18] Yesterday, a boy of fourteen was tried at the Old Bailey for stealing a paper of half-pence, value *five shillings*—the precise sum required by law to constitute it a capital offence. But, some of the half-pence being bad, the jury (at the suggestion of Justice Gibbs) found him guilty of stealing *under the value of five shillings.*

[18] Yesterday, at Queen's square office, a person was convicted in the mitigated penalty of 40s. with costs, for having refused to convey part of the baggage of the Guards from Knightsbridge to Kingston, when they were on their march for embarkation.

[18] All the unqualified persons celebrating clandestine marriages in Scotland, are now liable to be banished from the kingdom for life. Two persons, lately found guilty at Jedburgh, have been banished.

[19] Yesterday, at the Middlesex sessions, Wm. Scuddell, for selling counterfeit bank tokens, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and to find security for his good behaviour for six months longer.

[19] The Surrey magistrates have refused to renew the licence of Vauxhall, on account of the late masquerades.

[21] Last week, 22 acres of land, belonging to the Ordnance, situate near Fox-lane, Gillingham, were let by public auction at Chatham, subject to the condition of not being turned up, for the annual rent of £14. 5*s.* an acre.

[23] On Monday se'nnight, the Marquis of Downshire laid the foundation-stone of a new Catholic chapel at Moira. A second stone was raised by the united hands of the Catholic, Protestant, and Presbyterian clergy present, and laid on the former.

[23] In making the new sewer from Paddington to the Thames, a piece of black oak timber, perfectly sound, was discovered in a bed of marine shells, at the depth of above thirty-five feet.

[23] *Buying Guineas.*—At the Middlesex sessions, yesterday, two persons, for buying guineas at more than their nominal value, were sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and afterwards to find security for twelve months.

[26] Last Thursday, an auxiliary Bible society was instituted at Glocester.

BORN.

[*August* 28] On Tuesday, of the lady of Robert Gordon, esq. Bruton-street, a daughter.

[28] Lately, of the lady of W. Blake, esq. Portland-place, a daughter.

[29] Yesterday, of the lady of G. Smith, esq. M. P. a daughter.

[31] Lately, of Mrs. D. Carruthers, Bloomsbury-square, a daughter.

[*September* 3] Aug. 28, of Lady Frances Ley, a son.

[7] Friday, of Mrs. J. Morris, Egglesfield-house, Brentford, a son.

[9] Wednesday, of the lady of John Phillips, esq. Calham house, a son and heir.

[12] Thursday, of the lady of Chas. Courtail, esq. Bentinck-street, a daughter.

[13] Friday, of the lady of Major Hodge, of the 7th Hussars, a daughter.

[15] On the 13th, of the Lady of Sir H. Fitzherbert, bart. a daughter.

[17] On the 6th, of the Hon. Mrs. J. Palmer, Skeffington Hall, Leicestershire, a daughter.

[18] Yesterday, of Mrs. T. Langston, Great Ormond-street, a daughter.

MARRIED.

[*August* 29] Lately, John Hamilton, esq. of Pimlico, to Miss John, of Stoke Newington.

[*September* 2] On Monday, John Scandred Harford, esq. of Blaize Castle, Glocestershire, to Louisa, daughter of R. Hart Davis, esq. M. P.

[7] Thursday, John Dale, esq. of the India Company's service, to Miss *Frances* Bode.

[9] Lately, Capt. Downe, of the Royal Artillery, to Miss Elizabeth Young.

[9] Yesterday, the Rev. J. Wing, of Thorney Abbey, Cambridgeshire, to Miss Charlotte Slater.

[11] Tuesday, Sir James Bland Burgess, to Lady Margaret Fordyce.

[11] Saturday, at Douglas, Isle of Man, John Waterhouse, esq. to Miss Jane Lascelles.

[11] On the 6th, the Rev. John Manby, vicar of Lancaster, to Miss Elizabeth Hamon.

[16] Yesterday, the Hon. J. Thornton Leslie Melville, to Harriet, daughter of Sam. Thornton, esq. M. P.

[16] Yesterday, Philip Courtenay, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Miss Louisa Bell.

[17] On the 8th, at Flower, Northamptonshire, the Rev. A. Morrice, to Miss Emma Darby.

[19] On the 14th, T. Leigh, esq. of Crescent-place, New Bridge-street, to Miss Anna Maria Rowson, of Prescot.

DECEASED.

[*August* 26] On Sunday, at York, G. Dawson, esq.

[27] Monday, at Turnham Green, Mrs. Griffiths, *aged* 79.

[29] Sunday, Sir John Eden, Bart. *aged* 71.

[29] On the 22d, at Wanstead, Mrs. Paris, *aged* 74.

[29] On the 22d, Major General Kirkpatrick.

[31] On the 26th, the lady of Captain Henry Garrett, R. N.

[31] On the 15th, Lieut. Col. James Armstrong, Aide-de-camp to H. R. H. the Duke of York.

[*September* 1] Aug. 24, at Northfleet, the Rev. W. Cracke[illegible], *aged* 71.

[2] Aug. 29, at He[illegible]tree, Mrs. Clarissa Sharp.

[2] Monday se'nnight, James Standerwick, esq. of Millbrook, near Alresford.

[2] Aug. 29, Thos. Burne, esq. Bedford-square, *aged* 83.

[6] On the 4th, Richard Hale, esq. of Codicote, Herts, *aged* 91.

[8] Aug. 27, Lord De Blaquiere, *aged* 79.

[9] Sunday, at Greenwich, the relict of Captain Walter, R. N.

[9] Lately, at Chester, within a few days of each other, Mr. and Mrs. Boyce —the former *aged* 88, the latter, 87—married upwards of 60 years.

[10] Aug. 28, the lady of Shildon Cradock, esq. of Harthford, Yorkshire.

[10] On the 6th, Major Gen. Robert Bowles.

[11] Aug. 17, at Gateshead, Isabella Sharpe, *aged one hundred and fourteen years*, as proved by the baptismal register of the parish.

[12] Wednesday, the Countess of Romney.

[17] On the 11th, at Chatham, George Conquest, M. D.

[21] On the 11th, at Beaconsfield, Mrs. Assheton, *aged* 79.

APPENDIX.

A true Prophet.—Mr. Foy, of Taunton, after repeated robberies committed on his poultry, received, on the 4th of June, an anonymous letter, denouncing, that, when his sheep should be "*fat enough*," they would be stolen.—Soon after, a fat sheep was stolen: and, on examining the hand-writing of the prophetic epistle, it proved to be that of Robert Williams, master of the boys' charity school at Taunton, who confessed himself the author, and has been committed to jail.

A rich Beggar.—A master of languages, named Dandon, died lately at Berlin, literally through want of the necessaries of life. It appears that he gave instructions to his pupils during the day, and solicited alms at night. Under the floor of his apartment were found concealed 20,000 crowns in specie. He had no other heir than his brother, whom he had refused to see for 37 years, because he had sent him a letter without paying the postage.

Substitute for Indigo.—A die is said to have been discovered in France, which will answer all the purposes of indigo, one of the colonial articles, from the use of which they have been precluded by our maritime power. It has been exposed to the severest tests, dipping in muriatic acid, &c. the color remaining unchanged.

Remarkable Myrtle.—There is now [September 9] growing, at the parsonage-house of Shanklin, near Ryde, a myrtle, of the broad-leaved kind, whose extraordinary dimensions and foliage cover the whole front of the house, which is lofty and spacious. Some of the larger branches were lopped off not long ago, on account of their too exuberant growth; and the wood was applied to many useful purposes: it was found to bear a considerable resemblance to mahogany.

Swimming-Jacket.—A person at Paris has invented what he calls a swimming-vest, by the aid of which an individual, who does not know how to swim, may bear himself up, even in the roughest sea, and have his limbs as free as in ordinary garments.

New Life-Boat.—Mr. Dodd, the engineer, has invented a life-boat on pneumatic and hydrostatic principles, which will neither sink nor overset, yet will answer all the ordinary purposes of ships' boats. It was lately tried at London-bridge, on the ebb tide, during the time of the greatest fall, with her crew on board, and filled with water; when she passed through with the greatest safety, and discharged a considerable portion of the water purposely put into her. Those life-boats are described as being made of malleable iron, lead, and tin, twenty feet long, and six feet wide, drawing only ten inches water, with 25 persons, and possessing valves, that, without pumping or personal aid, discharge all the water from them; which valves act occasionally as pneumatic or air valves. They are hydrostatically ballasted with confined water, taken in or put out at pleasure.

Rankness in Butter prevented.—The day before churning, scald the cream in a clean iron kettle, over a clear fire, taking care that it do not boil over. As soon as it begins to boil, or is fully scalded, strain it, when the particles of milk which tended to sour and change the butter, are separated, and left behind. Put the vessel, into which it was strained, into a tub of water, in a cellar, till next morning, when it will be ready for churning, and become butter in less than a quarter of the time required in the common method. It will also become hard, with a peculiar additional sweetness, and will not change. The labor in this way is less than in the other, as the butter comes sooner; and much time is saved in working out the butter-milk. By this method, good butter may be made in the hottest weather.

Longevity of Eels.—In the year 1781, John Meredith, residing at Lanvace, Brecon, put a small eel into a well in his garden, which is about nine feet deep, and three in diameter, but seldom contains more than two feet of water, unless the neighbouring river Usk is swelled by

(*Continued on the back of the Title-page.*)